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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1847. JOHN H. MORISON, EDITOR.

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A WHISPER TO THE HEART.

It was but yesterday that I learned a lesson over which my heart has ever since been busy. It came not from the fairy snow-flake, nor the icicle, iris-hued when the sun is on it, nor yet from the arch murmurs of laughing childhood. I learned it not in the grove, which so often ministers to the tranquility of my spirit, not in the glen where the birch weaves its white arms with the bronzed branches of the alder, and the slender boughs of the zephyr-loving aspen. It was given me beneath the low rafters of a smoke-darkened cottage, and, but that the error it rebuked was fresh in my memory, perhaps I had not regarded its application. Youth shouts to the passer by, manhood speaks eloquently from the deep fountains of experience and thought, and age whispers more and more faintly until the strained ear can no longer catch the sound, and they who yearn for an echo must be content with the low, broken one that comes up from the green turf of the peaceful grave.

Philip Arnold loved, with the dependent and doating fondness of second childhood, his grandson and namesake. For many a long day he taxed his ingenuity to discover something to please the child, something not beyond his simple skill that might serve as a remembrancer when he should have fallen asleep. The merchant lent him knives of various sizes, the good silversmith made some springs, and from the village cabinet-maker he obtained a piece of choice wood, some paints and varnish. Thenceforth, whether sitting on the threshold, or quickening his sluggish blood by the kitchen fire, he still held the toy in his trembling fingers. He often talked to it, and pleased himself with thinking how his grandson would regard it when he was gone. At such times he worked faster, and his smile was less painfully true to his weakened energies, but in a few minutes he grew weary, and dozed in the corner of his stuffed arm-chair. When it was finished he placed it in a little trunk where he kept the wedding-ring of his dead wife, and a profile of his first-born, who lay among the pearls and corals on the bright floor of the blue ocean. He turned the lock more carefully than if it had been full of gold, and two or three times before evening closed, he opened it to brood over the joy which his gift was to impart to his cherished one. He slept the next morning until his namesake had gone into the woods to see a beech tree felled, but, on his return, he, with love and pride, gave him the plaything. The child stroked the wrinkled brow of his grandsire, kissed him many times, then looked at his toy, and kissed him once again. But a coarse and ignorant stranger spoke severely of the work, found fault with the small wheels and delicate machinery. A tear started in the eye of the old man, and unchecked, coursed over his withered cheek. He gently disengaged himself from his grandson, and then, meekly folding his hands upon his cane, he bowed his head upon them to hide his emotion. His beautiful work, for, truly, it was very beautiful in the love and care reflected from each smooth curve and tiny bar, was depreciated in the very moment of a triumph, which in his uneventful life was almost an era. I was in haste, yet I could but stay to explain the old man's thought; and, with a few words of honest praise, and kind wishes, and promises to return and examine the pretty thing at leisure, I came away.

My mind, at first, was full of my aged friend. I felt indignant at the stranger, and scorned his cold, unfeeling manner, and unjust remarks. But a better spirit woke within me. I also had erred like him. I had spoken complainingly of a far greater and more perfect work, exhibiting in all its wide extent, in its wonderful variety, in its exquisite adaptation, infinite love guided by infinite wisdom. Ay, with the fire glowing on my hearth-stone, and the faces of my kindred beaming in its light, with happy laughter ringing in my ears, and the sound of agile feet echoing in my hall, I had remembered, almost with bitterness, the suffering of this beautiful world, and said nothing of its joys. Suffering! suffering! as if man, himself, had not drawn the first shadow over the earth! as if I believed not that whom God loveth he chasteneth!

True, the Creator of the universe can experience neither sadness nor disappointment at the unsubmissive blindness of his creatures. Yet was I, therefore, innocent! The querulous tone, the repining spirit, the hasty judment, were they not indications that all was not right within? Was there aught of that pure, warm, earnest love which so clears the darkened vision, which trusts where it cannot see, and to which even the mysteries of the beloved are hallowed?

O! Father! may the lovely things, the simplest of which we cannot hope to understand in this the first and lowest stage of our being, may the incidents of every day, however trivial, be to the well-spring of our thoughts like the branch cast by the prophet into the eastern fountain, and may no gathering mists obscure with their dim folds the infinite beauty of thy glorious workmanship! [Religious Magazine.

WILLIAM HOWITT'S SUNDAY RAMBLE WITH A POOR MAN OF AYR.

It was Sunday forenoon as I advanced over the very level ground near the shore, towards Alloway. People were walking on the beach enjoying the sunshine, breeze, and glittering world of waters; lovers were seated amongst the broomy hillocks, children were gathering flowers amid the crimson glare of the heather; all had an air of beauty and gladness. To my left lay a richly wooded country, and before me, beyond Alloway and the Doon, stretched the airy range of the Carrick hills. It was the direction which I was pursuing, that Tam o'Shanter took from the town to Alloway, for the old road ran that way; but there is a new and more direct one now from Ayr, and into that, having been shown the cottage where Mrs. Begg, Burns's sister, still lives, I struck. This agreeable road I soon saw diverge into two, and asked a poor man which of the two led to Burns's monument. At the name of Burns, the poor man's face kindled with an instant animation. "I am going part of the way, sir," he said, "and will be proud to show it you." I begged him not to put himself at all out of his way. "Oh," said he, "I am going to look at my potato plot which lies out here." We fell into conversation about Burns; the way again showed a fresh branch, that was the way to his potato field—but the poor fellow gave a hesitating look, he could not find in his heart to give up talking about Burns, and begged that I would do him the honor to allow him to walk on with me. "But your potatoes, my friend!" "Oh! they'll tak no harm, sir. The weather's very growing weather—one feels a natural curiosity to see how they thrive, but that will do next Sunday, if you *would* allow me to go on with you?"

I assured him that nothing would give me greater pleasure. I only feared that I might keep him out too long, for I must see all about Doon, the monument, and every thing of the kind. It was now about noon, and must be his dinner hour. He said, "No; he never had dinner on Sunday; for years he had accustomed himself to only two meals on that day, because he earned nothing on it, and had ten children! But he generally took a walk out into the country, and got a good mouthful of fresh air, and that did him a deal of good."

I looked more closely at my new companion. He was, apparently, sixty, and looked like a man accustomed to dine on air. He was of a slight and grass-hopper build; his face was thin and pale; his hair grizzled; yet there was an intelligence in his large grey eyes, but it was a sad intelligence, one which had long kept fellowship with patience and sufferiug. His grey coat, and hat well worn, and his clean but coarse shirt collar turned down over a narrow band of a blue cotton neckerchief, with its long ends dangling over his waistcoat, all denoted a poor, but a careful and superior man. I cannot tell what a feeling of sympathy came over me: how my heart warmed towards the poor fellow. We went on; gay groups of people met us, and seemed to cast looks of wonder at the stranger and his poor associate; but I asked myself whether, if we could know, as God knows the hearts and merits of every individual of those well-dressed and laughing walkers, we should find amongst them one so heroic as to renounce his Sunday dinner, as a perpetual practice, because he "earned nothing on that day, and had ten children." Was there a man or woman amongst them who, if they knew this heroic man, as I now knew him, would not desire to give him, for that one day at least, a good dinner, and as much pleasure as they could!

"My friend," said I, "I fear you have had more than your share of hardship in this life!"

"Nay," he replied, he could not say that. He had had to work hard, but what poor man had not! But he had had many comforts; and the greatest comfort in life had been, that all his children had taken good ways; "if I don't except," and the old man sighed, "one lad who has gone for a soldier; and I think it a little ungrateful that he has never written to us since he went, three years ago. Yet I hear that he is alive and well, in Jamaica. I cannot but think that rather ungrateful," he added; "but of a' Robin Burns's poems, there's none, to my thinking, that comes up to that one—Man was made to mourn."

I could not help again glancing at the thin, pale figure, which went as softly at my side as if it were a ghost, and could not wonder that Burns was the idol of the poor throughout Scotland, and that the Sunday wanderer of his native place had clung so fondly to the southern visitor of the same sacred spot.

"Can you explain to me," I asked, "what it is that makes Burns such a favorite with you all in Scotland? Other poets you have, and great ones; out of the same class, too, you had Hogg, but I do not perceive the same instant flash, as it were, of an electric feeling, when any name is named but that of Burns."

"I can tell you," said he, "why it is. It is because he had the heart of a man in him. He was all heart, and all man; and there's nothing, at least in a poor man's experience, either bitter or sweet which can happen to him, but a line of Burns springs into his mouth, and gives him courage and comfort if he needs it. It is like a second Bible.

I was struck with the admirable criticism of the poor artisan. What acuteness of genius is like the acuteness of a sharp experience after all? I found that had I picked the whole county of Ayr I could not hit on a man more clearly aware of the real genius of Burns, nor a more excellent guide to all that related to him hereabouts.

* * * * *

The bridge of Doon is well carved over with names; and overgrown with masses of ivy. Standing on this remarkable old grey bridge, my companion exhibited a trait of delicate and genuine feeling, which no man of the most polished education in the school of politeness could have surpassed. Gathering a sprig of ivy, he said, presenting it—"May be ye would like to send this to your leddy in England, it's gathered just frae the keystane." I accepted it with the liveliest pleasure, and it is now carefully preserved where the good man wished it. We now returned to Ayr, talking of Burns, his history, his poetry, and his fine qualities all the way; and after one of the pleasantest rambles I ever made in any company, I bade my old friend good-bye at his door, leaving in his hand a trifle to mend his Sunday supper. "But," said he, as I was going away, "might I request the favor of your name, that I may know who it was that I had the honor of a walk with to Burns's monument, when I am thinking of it?" I told him; his face passed from its usual paleness to a deep flush; and he exclaimed—"Eh sir! I ken yer name and that o' yer leddy too, right weel!"[2] Depend upon it the recollection of that walk has been as pleasant to my old friend as to myself. [W. Howitt's Homes and Haunts of the Poets.

LETTER FROM MRS. FARNUM.

To the Editors of the Prisoner's Friend:

GENTLEMEN,—I send you the following facts, believing that their publication and the introduction of similar ones to public notice, may incline some minds previously indifferent to listen favorably to the purpose of meliorating the condition of Prisoners. One of the reasons why the mass of community is so willing to see severe systems of punishment inflicted upon criminals, is the unqualified sense which is felt of their guilt and depravity. Discrimination is rarely applied to an appreciation of the comparative moral condition of culprits. A body of persons found guilty of offences grave enough to merit punishment by long terms of imprisonment, are quite likely to be regarded as about equally deserving, and the mind consents to the application of a severe and uniform system of punishment, in the belief that the general guilt and depravity of all merit it. Could the actual condition of those persons, however, be ascertained, how should we shrink from such a conclusion, in horror at our own wholesale cruelty! Among those criminals are all degrees of guilt and sinful desire, from the man who has scarcely ever felt the strivings of one holy emotion during all the darkened years of his life, to him who stands there beside him, guiltless of crime—guiltless in the act and the intent—the letter and the spirit.

Let one or two solitary facts bear witness to the truth of this. In the year 1843 four men were arrested in one of the interior counties of this State, charged with a high crime. One only, supposed to be the principal offender, was a man of family. He had a feeble wife and four young children. The others were all quite young men. They were tried, convicted, and sentenced—the eldest to twelve years, one to ten, and the other two to five years imprisonment. The eldest was not a robust man, and his health began to fail within a year of his conviction. He protested his own innocence and that of the whole party; and his manner, appearance and conduct were such as to inspire confidence and awaken the sympathy of many who had personal knowledge of him in the prison. He was a highly sensitive man, and seemed crushed, overwhelmed and utterly cast down by his hard lot, and frequently said, "My poor wife and children are deprived of my care and support. They are thrown upon public charity; I shall die a felon's death, be buried in a felon's grave, and leave to them the accursed inheritance of a felon's name. There is neither help nor hope for me—this long sentence, this suffering and degradation, and above all, this blight and destruction that are falling on others dearer to me than my own life and happiness."

As was to be expected, he died, and with his last breath protested his innocence and that of his fellow prisoners.

His amiable character and the integrity of his conduct had made a deep impression on the minds of some of the officers, and his assertions of innocence commanded no little confidence. But he died and was buried.

Fifteen months after his death, the fact which he had died in declaring was proved to the satisfaction of the Governor, and his unfortunate associates were restored to liberty as innocent men. They had endured three years incarceration with all its ignominy, and their miserable fellow-sufferer had died without even once, in all that period of anguish, looking upon the face of his children, to whom he was tenderly attached, or having but one brief and agonizing interview with their wretched mother.

This painful case is not alone on the records of prisons. Innocent people are, every year, consigned to prisons, to suffer not only the hardships and pains attendant upon their condition, but, in many instances, the loss of character and the blight of hopes which otherwise might have led to happiness and usefulness.

For the sake of this band of truly unfortunate brethren, then, let us judge not a little of the severity of our prison systems. If it be better that ninety-nine guilty should *escape*, than that one innocent should suffer, it is certainly justifiable to plead for *amelioration* on the same ground.

Another fact of the same character occurs to my recollection, which I will state. Two females, (one a Negress, the other a half Indian,) were convicted in N. Y., of burglary, and sentenced, the one to twelve the other to ten years imprisonment. From the first, the latter protested not only her innocence, but her entire ignorance that the crime was contemplated or had been executed, until she was arrested and thrown into prison for participating in its commission. In the third year of their incarceration the former fell sick, and her illness proving fatal, she exhibited the greatest anxiety to secure justice to her fellow prisoner. She repeated the statement of her innocence whenever opportunity was afforded, and finally, a short time before her death, desired that it might be brought in writing to her that she might affix her mark thereto. To the last she lost no opportunity of entreating that justice might be done the person whom she had wronged, for it was on her accusation that the arrest was made. Some eight months elapsed before additional evidence which was thought sufficient could be procured, but at length it was obtained; she was fully vindicated, restored by pardon to liberty, and has since sustained an excellent character. But, during this incarceration she suffered deeply, not only from a sense of the monstrous wrong done her, and the appalling length of her sentence, but from a failure of her health and a fearful aggravation of a nervous and mental irritability, which often characterises persons of her constitution. Had she been, during the entire period, subjected to treatment in all respects such as is required to be bestowed on criminals, these latter evils would have been greatly, perhaps fatally augmented.

Let us, remember, then, when we are demanding the enforcement of *merely severe discipline* in prisons, that of the individuals on whom the severity may fall, some may be legally, not to say morally entitled to redemption from it, as we who prescribe it, and that if violence and cruelty were the most powerful agents for the exercise and growth of man's moral nature, many others who share this treatment should be patterns of virtue, having scarcely been deprived of the valuable influence of these in all their lives.

Female Prison, Sing Sing,
January 15, 1847.

THE STREET BOYS.

One Sunday, not long ago, I passed by one of our largest city-prisons. All along the great blind wall were ranged a number of boys, from five years old to eighteen. They were playing, laughing, quarrelling, and even cursing. This is their way of spending the holy Sabbath. I could not help saying, *Poor fellows, you will soon get inside!*

It is wonderful to observe how many of our city boys spend their Sabbaths out of doors. Many good people who pass the day in church or at home, have no idea of what is going on around them. But let them be called, on visits of mercy, as I have been, to certain parts of the town, and they will behold strange sights. At the wharves and along the docks, they will find groups of little fellows, fishing or jumping about in boats, or crossing the ferries, or watching for the coming in of Sabbath-breaking steamers, or in the warm season swimming about. There are certain corners, where you may always be certain to meet clusters of boys by day, and even by night. Wherever there is a noted or frequented spot—wherever a long, high wall or fence stretches along for some distance—whenever the side of a building is exposed without doors or windows, there these youngsters assemble. Or go out into the edge of town, where there are brick-yards, ponds, and open lots, and you will discover larger boys in great numbers, at marbles, ball, or flying of kites. After all that Sunday-schools are doing, this is still the case.

The common means of grace do not reach these youth. They go to no church, and no multiplication of churches will ensure their reform. Nothing but Sunday-schools can at present relieve them. And even these do them no good, unless they can be persuaded to attend.

These boys will soon be men. They will be the men of our cities. They will vote and govern the country. They will choose our lawmakers, our magistrates, and sometimes our judges. They will determine whether we are to have war or peace. With such sights before us let me ask, *What is the next generation likely to be?*

There is need of Christian community, such as has never been seen. We need a *Christian police*, not to punish, but prevent crime. We need a thousand persons at least, who shall feel it to be their special task to scour every lane, alley, neighborhood, and suburb, and bring these wanderers in. Nothing will do any good but *personal application*. They must be taken by the hand and talked with. They must be followed up and never let go. Many persons can do well in this cause who are not competent to be teachers. It is a charitable work, which, I doubt not, the Lord Jesus Christ will approve.

Something of this is already done by individual Christians; but the evil is so vast, and demands such additional labor, that we need a prompt organization of forces, for this particular end. I fear, however, that a service so laborious and thankless, will not attract very numerous volunteers, until our churches shall be visited with a genial influence of the Holy Spirit. Then the people will have a mind to work. At present, in Sunday-schools as well as other things, we are making head way rather by an impulse given long ago, than by any very urgent plying of the oars. And hence the duty of earnest and united prayer. [S. S. Journal.

CONTENTION.

I never love salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one—I will suffer a hundred rather than return one—I will suffer many, ere I will complain of one, and endeavor to right it by contending. I have ever found that, to strive with my superior, is furious—with my equal, doubtful—with my inferior, sordid and base—with any, full of unquietness. [Bp. Hall.

THE PROGRESSIVE PRINCIPLE.

J. T. HEADLEY.

Even the proud Roman had no idea of personal worth. "I am a Roman citizen," he exclaimed, and in that lay his dignity. Holding the proud rank of Roman citizen, he could confront kings without being abashed, but in Rome he was a slave. Under the shadow of the Palatine Hill he walked, silent and fearful. *There*, he never uttered, "*I am a man.*" He was a Roman, deriving his greatness from the city in which he dwelt; still, he was not a man, borne up with the consciousness of his individual greatness—his personal value. Christ was the first who ever uttered this truth. The masses had always been addressed as mere instruments made for the handiwork of kings and chieftains; but Christ, as he stooped over the hitherto despised multitude, and whispered in their astonished ears, "Ye are men," startled into life a spirit that no conjuring has since been able to lay. It was a revolutionary sentiment, more dangerous to the Roman power and to all the Cæsars of the world than to proclaim himself King of the Jews. To tell men—despised ignorant fishermen—that they were children of a common parent—younger brothers of the Son of God, who was no respecter of persons, was waking up a whole world of thought in the human heart, and pouring through it emotions more terrible than the throb of the earthquake. From that moment life took a different level. For ages, the waters had moved sluggishly on—at the appearance of Christ, they dashed over their barriers, and seeking a new level, flowed onward, making a channel for themselves. The *first* step of the emancipated mind was to break away from the very religious ceremonies it had been taught to venerate, and which had the sanction of Moses, and Samuel, and David, and all the prophets—to turn the back on Jewish synagogues and temples and ritual—and, pushing aside the High Priest at the altar, scattering the ashes of bullocks and goats to the winds, stept boldly beyond the very Holy of Holies, and prostrating itself in the presence of God alone, pour out its complaints and sorrows on his infinite bosom. After this, there could be nothing that man dare not do. To stamp him with such dignity at the outset, to tell the ignorant beggar that he was greater than priests and sacrifices—was to set in motion a principle that, unarrested, would subvert everything but truth.—From that time on, through all the changes of religious and political life, man has been striving to make this principle practical. Baffled at every step, cheated in every effort, often discouraged and sometimes despairing, he has still made advancement; till now he assumes the character of dictator, rather than petitioner, and claims, rather than asks his rights.

OPINIONS OF SLAVERY AT THE SOUTH.

We have received a letter from a clergyman in one of the most remote and inaccessible of the slave States, whose well known name, if we were permitted to publish it, would add weight and impressiveness to what he says, which we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of presenting to those who are waiting for the dawn of right feelings and views on this subject at the South. That there is an under-current of feeling at the South such as this letter discloses, is as unquestionable as it is cheering:

"You know the sell-win or despotism, and the forlorn hope of a poor disciple of Christ, in endeavoring to turn it from its current. We may talk of Turkish despotism as we please, it is not more dictatorial, obstinate, zealous and tyrannical, than the despotism of *free, enlightened Christian Slavery!!* Disguise it as you will it is a *monster*. Some very good deluded men, (and I too, once,) have apologized for it; but after all, it is, and was, and ever will be, a sin condemned by God, abhorred by saints and shunned by holy men. The circumstances of my family seem to require that I should remain South, though sometimes I almost resolve to leave this region, for fear the smothered heaving volcano may break forth, and bury in ruin this otherwise lovely land. But there are some bright streaks of hope. The influences of religion are gaining ground, and as they gain ground masters treat their servants better in dress, and grant them more Christian privileges. And this is not all; owners begin to feel that slavery is a *sin*. A few wicked men, (slave-holders,) have said to me at different times, that that they did not see what business Christians had to come here and buy plantations and negroes, intimating that there is, in their estimation, a glaring inconsistency between religion and slavery.—They justify themselves in slavery, because they do not profess to obey the Bible. They say a man cannot do to others as he would that they should do to him, and hold slaves. But in them this is only one among all their other sins.—Strange reasoning, but quite as logical as the reasoning of professors of religion, in excusing and justifying their continuance in sin. One thing is evident—the sin of slavery is felt more and more. This should encourage Christians to pray with fresh earnestness and strength, that God may pour out upon us a spirit of judgment—a spirit of burning, that that evil may be speedily removed. [N. Y. Evangelist.

FATHER MATHEW AND THE FAMINE.

For the honor of temperance, the tetotalers of Ireland are in a great measure exempt from the scourge. In a speech at Lisgood, Father Mathew said:

"Thousands upon thousands now pine in want and woe, because they did not take my advice; to them the horrors of famine and the evils of blight, are aggravated, while tens of thousands of those who listened to me and adopted my advice, are now safe from hunger and privation, because they had the virtue to surrender a filthy, sensual gratification, and the wisdom to store up for the coming of the evil day." He adds, By a calculation recently made, it is clearly proved, that if all the grain now converted into poison, were devoted to its natural and legitimate use, it would afford a meal to every man, woman and child in the land. The man or woman who drinks, drinks the food of the starving."

This is a striking fact, which will bear to be considered. It contains volumes of argument for total abstinence.

RESURRECTION OF CONSCIENCE.

I have seen the tornado level the forest as the grain is laid low by the scythe of the mower. I have seen the proud ship dashed on the rocks, and the ocean waves laugh and frolic over the scattering fragments. I have seen the mountain oak prostrated by a single stroke from a passing cloud; but nowhere have I seen power mightier, or more majestic, than in the resurrection of guilty conscience.

Half a century ago, my father was a young man. With no patrimony, save a brawny arm, and moral and industrious habits, he was just starting in life, with a wife, and one child. Every silver dollar then loomed up to him like a full moon in a dark night. Coming home one evening from his labors of the day, he had the misfortune to lose from his pocket ten dollars in a light snow. Many anxious hours did he search for it in vain.

Forty-two years after, a man, who had all the while lived in the same neighborhood, called on my father: said he, "I've come to confess I have wronged you, and to ask your forgiveness." "Wronged me! I know nothing of your wronging me." "Yes, I have; and here are the ten dollars you lost in the snow forty-two years ago. I found the money, and have kept it till now: and I want to pay you interest, too. Will you forgive me? I could not sleep a wink last night." The tears flowed freely; they were the tears of penitence. Conscience, like a roused lion, had fiercely done its work: and the penitent, assured of pardon, went away with a countenance serene as a summer sky, after having been swept by the tempest's wing, and washed down by a thunder shower.

Oh, let me meet a bear, bereaved of her whelps, or the king of the forest mad with desperation, rather than a guilty conscience raised from the dead!

AN AFFECTIONATE APPEAL

ON BEHALF OF SEAMEN, IMMIGRANTS, AND DESTITUTE CHILDREN.

The Friendly Union, of Canada, for promoting useful knowledge among the above classes, was formed at Montreal in 1837; since which the gospel has been preached to seamen and all disposed to attend, four times weekly, while the navigation was open; and a school for destitute children has been supported, in which upwards of fifteen hundred children have been taught their duty to God and to each other, as stated in the Bible, which is read daily in the school, being opened and closed with prayer.

This institution is under the direction of a committee, consisting of such ministers of the gospel in Montreal, as have assisted or may assist the funds, with seven laymen chosen annually. The sixth anniversary of this institution was held last November, in the church in St. Helen's street, when J. R. Orr, Esq., presided. Addresses were delivered on that occasion, and the committee was elected, with a treasurer, secretary and agent. The great want of a Bethel building, and a better school-house was urged upon the attention of the meeting. Lord Metcalfe, the late governor-general, gave a liberal donation. Subscriptions to the amount of a thousand dollars are entered into, to be paid when called for, with upwards of a thousand dollars deposited in the hands of the treasurer, James Court, Esq.

By the following extract from the last report of the Friendly Union, it will be seen, that thanks to God were given for his continued blessing upon this institution; also thanks to all kind friends, in Canada, the United States and England, who have assisted in books or money, and in affording the agent free passages while on the business of the society.

The committee in Canada wish Mr. Osgood success in collecting for the erection of a Bethel building, and for the charity school, which has done much good to destitute children.

The cause of seamen and immigrants should excite the sympathy and liberality of all classes of the community, being made up of all nations. This design has been recommended by Bishop Eastburn and others in Boston.

That many may be disposed to lend their aid to this object, is the prayer of

T. OSGOOD,
Agent of the F. U. of Canada.

Donations in books and money will be received for this object at the Tract Depository, 28 Cornhill.

Boston, Feb. 19, 1847.

MISS LENOX, AND MARGARET.

Margaret was a child of quick feelings, full of tenderness, imagination, and energy; just the little girl of whom a useful, excellent woman might be made, yet very likely to become quite the reverse. The question was, whether she would ever take pains to ascertain what objects were most deserving of her efforts, and have sufficient steadiness to pursue such objects successfully.—A friend of her mother's observed Margaret walking home from church very thoughtfully one day, which was rather unusual. The child, it is true, was now ten years of age, and had begun to pay some attention to the sermons she heard, listening by fits and starts, when anything intelligible and striking caught her ear. On this Sabbath the preacher had discoursed with great fervor and simplicity; Margaret had not only been able to comprehend a great deal that was uttered, but had become exceedingly interested. The great object of preaching had been attained in her case. She saw the truth of every position, she had been touched, her conscience had been awakened, and she had felt that the sermon applied to her.

Miss Lenox joined her, and asked why she looked so serious.

"I *feel* serious, after hearing that sermon," replied Margaret. "I want to do something that is very good this very day, and I don't see what there is for a little girl like me to do; that is the worst of it."

"And yet," said Miss Lenox, "I suppose not a day passes that you do not let slip half a dozen opportunities of doing some thing good. You don't know, Margaret, how many people walk about blindfold, and never see the chances of doing something good as you call it. Get your eyes open, look about you every minute, and you will not look long in vain."

"I don't know; I am only a little girl; nobody would mind me, if I should try to make them any better; I have no money to give away; what can I do?"

"I am coming to make a visit at your house this week, Margaret, and perhaps some night, I will tell you of half a dozen opportunities of doing good which you have neglected."

Margaret went home, full of confused emotions of regret for faults, and desirous of doing some thing remarkably virtuous; but in common with many and older listeners to the same discourse, she forgot all before Monday night, and was feeling and living just as she did the week before.

On Wednesday Miss Lenox came to make the promised visit, and on Thursday evening went up stairs with Margaret when she went to bed. "My dear," said she, "do you remember what we were saying as we came from church last Sunday?" Margaret hung her head and uttered a feeble "Yes, ma'm."

"And will you tell me what you think of prudence, benevolence, and disinterestedness?"

"What I think of them," echoed Margaret in some surprise.

"Yes, what is your opinion of them?"

"Why, of course I think them very good things."

"You consider them virtues, do you not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And would you be gratified if you knew that some one to-day hed remarked that you appeared to be a prudent, benevolent, disinterested little girl?"

"Certainly I should," replied Margaret, smiling.

"Well, then, what if I tell you that to-day you let slip opportunities of exercising each of these virtues?"

"How so," exclaimed Margaret, the smile fading away.

"Why, in the first place, at the breakfast-table, while Bridget was in the room, your little brother began to laugh about Paddies, and tell a story about an Irishman, which must have been very unpleasant to her; and you, who were talking with him, might have prudently changed the subject, and saved her feelings. Frank is a kind-hearted little fellow, and though not nine years old, he is quick at taking a hint. You might have discreetly stopped him in a moment. And I, who was listening, should have set you down in my mind, as a good, prudent little girl. It would have shown prudence as well as kindness. Then do you remember when your mother was obliged to go out suddenly this afternoon because a sick friend sent in haste for her? she said to you, 'this frock for Mrs. Wilson's little girl is done, all but hemming the bottom, and the child is to call for it at four o'clock, because she is going out of town in the stage. I am really sorry she will be disappointed.' Then your mother looked wishfully at you, but you went on arranging your dissected map, and took no notice; so she added, 'Margaret you can hem well enough to do it, and could finish it in an hour. Poor Mrs. Wilson's hands are so lame, she cannot go out to wash, or do any work, now; and the child really needs the frock. I know Miss Lenox would do it, if she had eyesight.' You hesitated, took it up listlessly, and sewed a little without any interest. No sooner had your mother left the house than you remembered you had not carried a book to the library, and away you went, though four or five o'clock would have been time enough for that. So poor Mrs. Wilson's little girl, who does not get a new frock very often, came for her dress in vain, and went away crying as if her little heart would break. Was not that losing an opportunity of exercising benevolence, Margaret?"

The tears were in Margaret's eyes, and she did not attempt to speak.

"Then disinterestedness," continued Miss Lenox, "the virtue of all virtues, the source of all! believe me, every hour is fertile in little chances for great virtue; not virtue greatly known, but as great as if it were told to the whole city. Supposing when your father came home to-night, and said he had permission to take one little girl to see Mrs. Davenport's tableaux, and would like to carry your cousin Helen, because she lives in the country and never saw any, supposing you had offered to stay at home and let your cousin go?"

"But, Miss Lenox, father had promised me that I should go if I were invited."

"Yes, therefore he took you when you claimed his promise; but if you had released him voluntarily, Margaret!"

"Well, but this is to be the very last evening of the tableaux, Miss Lenox, and nobody knows when I may have another opportunity of seeing any."

"So much the greater would have been your disinterestedness, my dear. When will you have such another opportunity as that, Margaret? A truly disinterested person is doing something of the sort constantly, but on the whole that was an uncommonly good occasion which you lost this evening. I have remarked freedom from selfishness in a child, however, shown merely by quietly moving with her slate and pencil, unasked, to a darker part of the table at which the family were sitting, so that her sister might sit nearer the lamp. Think, Margaret, if you had felt just as you did while listening to the beautiful close of that sermon last Sunday!"

Miss Lenox and Margaret both stood silent a moment, and then the wise friend kissed the humbled child and said, "I only wanted to set you thinking early of these things, my dear. Many grown up people say as you did, 'I want to do something very good this very day, and don't see what there is for me to do,' when all the while opportunities are flying past them like lightning. Such people have now and then a great desire to *do good* as they call it, and seem to despise *being good*; don't make that terrible mistake, my child. It is harder to *be* good, and it includes the other, you must do many good deeds without seeming to do much, and of many such acts the virtue will be within you, known only to God. I asked you if you would not be gratified to know that some one had called you a prudent, benevolent, disinterested little girl, and your face brightened up instantly: it was evident you had a vague hope that I was going to add, "Somebody did say so;' and yet, why should it not be happiness enough to feel that God knew it? Such indifference about His opinion is very strange, is it not?"

"I do wonder at it myself," said Margaret thoughtfully.

"Well then, my dear little friend, pray to Him that He will help you to watch for small every day opportunities of virtue. And let me give you one go-to-bed rule. Never forget at night to repent your sins of omission as well as commission. You will find them the most numerous and frequently the most serious."

Margaret never reflected so earnestly upon her own character as she did that night; she saw that she had cared more for obtaining praise, than for real, humble goodness. She made some good resolutions, and young as she was, she kept them. A change for the better in her motives, produced an evident change in her life; and not only her Father in heaven, but her affectionate good mother, and many earthly friends remarked that from the age of ten her character improved much; though none knew of good Miss Lenox's private conversation with her.

[Child's Friend. L. T. H.

[From the Christian Inquirer.]

SOME MEN ARE UNITARIANS WITHOUT KNOWING THAT THEY ARE.

In 1821 the controversy between Unitarians and Trinitarians was, perhaps, at its height. Those of your readers, who had at that time attained adult age, need not be reminded how bitter that controversy was, at least on one side.

I had just then left the Divinity School at Cambridge, and came to New York to preach to the Church then recently gathered in the neat little chapel in Chambers street. I could fill the sheet, that now lies before me, with an account of things that were said and done by the Orthodox, while I was in your city, that evinced the suspicion or dread with which they had brought themselves to regard Unitarians. And yet it was not unfrequently the case, in that day, that we met with intelligent men in the bosom of the so-called Evangelical Church, who, could they be prevailed upon to venture a statement of their faith in their own language, not using the words of their creed, would find themselves declaring opinions very much in accordance with those denounced as heretical. Let me give you an example.

At the termination of my first engagement in Chambers street Church, it seemed good to me to occupy a few weeks, that were to transpird before the commencement of my second term of service, in visiting friends in some of the Southern cities. I was a young traveller then, and my recollections of that journey are more distinct than of any that I have taken since. Questions of doubtful disputation not unfrequently arose between my fellow travellers, which showed that the New England heresy had been pretty generally heard of, though not understood.

On the morning that we started from Fredericksburg, in Virginia, for Richmond, there got into the stage coach a gentleman between fifty and sixty years of age, with a thoughtful, intelligent, but rather genial countenance. We soon entered into conversation, which anon became so "free and easy," that he said with a significant intonation, "I *guess*, sir, you are from New England." To which I promptly replied, "I *reckon*, sir, that I am." This led to a brief, but animated discussion of the relative merits of our sectional idioms, which if it failed to improve the language of either of us, evidently increased our mutually kind regards.

After a while, he said, "I hear there is an important religious controversy going on in your part of the country." To which, of course, I assented, at the same time exerting myself to suppress the emotion, which even an allusion to the subject, at that time, very naturally awakened in the bosom of a young man, far away from that region where the faith he held dear, was countenanced and defended by many of the wisest and best.

The gentleman continued, "I am a lawyer, and so much occupied with the studies and labors of my profession, that I have little time for any reading, but such as appertains to the law. I am, however, interested in religion. I revere its authority, and acknowledge its paramount importance. But as I have not had time to investigate thoroughly the questions in dispute between the differing sects, I have thought it more fair for me not to read the publications of either side. I know not that I have ever read a controversial book. It has seemed to me the wiser course, in my situation, to devote what time I have had to the careful study of the Bible. To this volume I suppose all Christian sects appeal as an ultimate authority. I have thought therefore that if I could learn what the Bible teaches, I should learn the truths which make one wise unto salvation. Now however, that I happen to be in the company of one who has come, I suppose, from the midst of a controversy, that seems to be regarded as a very important one, I shall be much pleased to learn what [illegible] the precise points at issue between Unitarians and Trinitarians."

"It will be very agreeable to me, sir," I replied, "to answer your inquiries, but before I do so, allow me to hear from you a full statement of your own religious opinions." He rejoined, "Why do you wish me to give you such a statement first; why not as well afterwards?" "I have, sir," said I, "a good reason for pressing this request, which I will give you, if it does not appear before the close of our conversation. I have never before met with an intelligent person, who could say, as you have done, that he had studied the sacred Scriptures *alone* in order to learn the doctrines and precepts of our religion. I am, therefore, particularly curious to know to what conclusions you have been brought."

He consented to gratify me, and after a few minutes, evidently spent in collecting and arranging his thoughts, he gave me, at considerable length, a full and lucid statement of his religious belief. He permitted me to guide him somewhat by my questions, in the order of his exposition, so that I drew from him his opinions upon all the principal points then in controversy between "rational Christians" and "the Orthodox." When he had finished, I said to him, "You will probably be surprised, sir, at what I am going to tell you, but it is true. *You are a Unitarian.*"

The announcement disconcerted him. He was offended; and his countenance fell. "I am disappointed," he said with considerable emotion. "I took you to be a gentleman and a Christian—too serious-minded to trifle upon a subject like this. I did not suspect that you meant to entrap me. I thought you were one from whom I might draw information upon a subject, to which I have not been able to give any personal examination. But I find I was mistaken. I am disappointed."

After a minute's silence, I resumed. "It is not unaccountable to me, sir, that you should be affected as you are, by what I have told you. Your displeasure shows plainly enough how much of the current prejudice against Unitarians, you have unconsciously imbibed. Although you have not read any books of the controversy, it is evident you have heard so much unfavorable to Unitarianism, that you deem it a reproach to have it said, that you hold that form of doctrine. I thought it might be so, and that was the reason why I urged you to give me your system of belief before I answered your inquiries. I wished that your statement might be wholly unaffected by a feeling of unwillingness to be found in the rank of the New England heretics. I am a Unitarian—a preacher of Unitarian Christianity—and I do assure you that the opinions you have just now expressed, are very similar to those that I suppose to be generally entertained by the people called Unitarians, or Liberal or Rational Christians." I then went on to give him some account of the rise of the sect, then and since known by one or all of the above appellations. I stated to him the doctrines of the Humanitarians, not at that time numerous, of the Arians, who constituted the greater portion of our sect, and of some other minor subdivisions respecting the nature of Christ. I also stated to him the doctrines of Pelagius and Arminius, with the opinions of Dr. Priestly, and of the prominent Unitarian divines of our own country, on the nature

better know itself before it will ever truly know the Savior.

A good man in bad times—who covets the distinction? There is no rush to bewilder and excite. One can now show that he acts with a deliberate purpose. He can understand himself, and others can understand him. And not only so, but there is opportunity now to render a peculiar service to the Redeemer's cause. Sometimes the question has been—who will go with a glad multitude to serve the Lord? It is otherwise now. The call is of a different character. Who will be an earnest and faithful disciple when multitudes are absorbed in worldliness? Who will be a light in the midst of darkness? Who will watch and pray when many who once prayed have shown that they do not "always call upon God?" Who will be sure to be found in the "thin meeting?" Who will speak of salvation when "the whole talk" is of the world? Who will try to warn and arouse men, when the multitude who once took part in such efforts do so no more? Such is the call to be answered now. Is it not a time in which to render a peculiar service, an honorable, a glorious service to our Master? [Evangelist.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MARCH 13, 1847.

WHAT HAS CALVINISM DONE?

We published several weeks ago on our first page an extract from the last article in Dr. Dewey's volume of Controversial Discourses. In the first part of the article, Dr. Dewey has examined particularly the Calvinistic views of moral philosophy, and shown them to be inconsistent with the great facts of man's nature. As a system of philosophy, which must furnish an explanation of facts, they are, therefore, false. After carrying out this argument, which is certainly a legitimate one, Dr. Dewey closes with the extract, which we have given—an earnest and eloquent exposition of the practical consequences of what he has already proved to be a false system of philosophy. In the course of these remarks, which we hope our readers will carefully examine, he asks, "what has Calvinism done? What literature has ever breathed its spirit, or ever will? What poem has it written?"

These questions, which come out so naturally from what precedes them, have in different Orthodox publications, been separated entirely from the general argument, and most triumphantly answered. "What has Calvinism done?" asks the *Presbyterian*. It has "*stirred up the corruptions of the unrenewed heart.*" Perhaps we may admit thus much,—certainly from the spirit of many Calvinistic writings we should be led to admit it. But in tearing this single clause of a sentence from the context, we are imitating the conduct of which we complain. We therefore give below the whole of the "dainty" passage which the Presbyterian, and other Calvinistic papers have copied from the Princeton Review. The article from which the passage is taken we have not seen.

"We cannot dismiss these flings at Calvinism, without alluding to one which is somewhat extraordinary. Dr. Dewey asks with an air of triumph what Calvinism has done. "We ask not," for we desire to quote his own words, "what *Calvinists* have done. For, allowing individuals among them all deserved credit for genius and accomplishments, it is very remarkable, that in the exertion of their powers in the chosen departments of genius, they have proved traitors to their system! That is to say, the tone of religious thought and sentiment introduced into such works has never been that of Calvinism. We ask, then, what has Calvinism done? What literature has ever breathed its spirit, or ever will? What poem has it written, but Mr. Pollok's "Course of Time?" What philosophy, but Dr. Wardlaw's? Into what meditations of genius or reveries of imagination, but those of John Bunyan, has it ever breathed its soul?"

On taking breath after the perusal of this assault which, dainty as it is, approaches more near to manly vehemence than many passages in the volume, we felt a measure of complacency in considering, that it is not we who proposed such a test. And we desire to know of our adversary, when and how and by whom it was established, that the genius of a literature is the criterion of theological truth. By what right has the Unitarian decreed that elegant letters are the signs of divine doctrine; and the seal of a heavenly mission is to be like that of Aaron, whose rod blossomed into flowers? Calvinism is weighed in the balances and found wanting. "*What poem has it written?*" The true *lapis Lydius* has now been discovered. Calvinism has indeed been a "burdensome stone" for more than ten generations to the impugners of grace. It has stood in the van of the army of the Reformation. It has cloven down the scholastic chivalry of Britain and of France, and made the name of the Covenanter and the Huguenot to tingle in the ears of a thousand enemies. It has reared munitions of philosophical and logical research, at which opponents are still laboring in vain. It steeled the hearts and nerved the arms of those non-conformist pilgrims, whose sons are now raising up that which was the abomination of the fathers. But alas! "what poem has it written!" Calvinism gave their indomitable valor to Coligny and to Knox. Calvinism stilled to holy fortitude the mothers and daughters of *one* bloody Bartholomew's day, and the two thousand who went forth into exile for conscience sake on *another*. Calvinism chartered the May-flower. Calvinism laid out the plot of Boston. Calvinism founded that Harvard college which is now held by perversion of those ancient earnings, and whose sons now deride the hopes of those founders. But "what *poem* has it written?" True, it has made philanthropists, like Howard, of whose system of thought it was the very life. It has spread its missionaries over every land, and penetrated arctic and tropical dangers, while the dapper, literary, exquisite, clergy of liberal Christianity have been dreaming in luxurious apathy. But from every boarding-school, we seem to hear the indignant and unanswerable query, "*What poem has it written!*" Suppose it had written no poem: does that demonstrate its falsity, any more than the same is argued of Socinianism, because Socinianism has produced no sculpture, reared no Parthenon, and propelled no steam-car? Again we say we are comforted that the criterion is not of our choosing.

But if we must a little further pull to pieces this flimsiest of gossamer, we would fain know by what subtle discrimination our author has arrived at this convenient distinction between Calvinists and Calvinism. "We ask not what Calvinists have done?" we ask (such is the apodosis needful to the sense,) what has Calvinism done? Bunyan, indeed, by a happy after thought, is included in a special exception; perhaps if it had suited the trimness of the period, the author's pen might have added COWPER. But of these "individuals," acknowledged even "among them" (nempe Calvinists) to have "genius and accomplishments," by what principle does he so adroitly exclude their Calvinism from all share in the product? And when the multitudinous array, doubtless known to the author, but not yet revealed to us, of immortal bards among Socinians shall be drawn out before our wondering eyes, why, we demand, may we not in like manner claim "that the tone of religious thought and sentiment introduced" by them, has not been Socinianism? We have said not a word of John Milton, because, while the Paradise Lost is claimed by anti-trinitarians, it may be equally Claimed by Materialists, Anthropomorphites, and Polygamists: as all may equally found their demands on the posthumous "Treatise of Christian Doctrine."

There is a class, we would believe that Dr. Dewey does not write down to their capacities, who by *literature* understand a certain something, too feeble to grow into science, and too nebulous to consolidate into system. It is the ambrosia of the boarding-school, the magazine, and (sit venia verbo) sometimes the sermon. Dear, delightful literature! as necessary in the soiree, as the latest moustache from abroad, or the most exquisite confections and music. It is now all Italian, now all German. It immortalizes itself in the fugitive verses, set forth in certain latitude, with and without pictures, and lacquered or gilt covers, "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa." Of such literature, we own, Calvinism claims no paternity. But in that larger, nobler, older sense, in which the *bonae literae* were allowed to comprise the high argument of Plato and Tully, or even the soaring imaginations of Jeremy Taylor and John Howe, we challenge for Calvinism a glory, which shall stand as long as the last pyramid. For the great and awful lineaments of Hall, of Chalmers, of Saurin, of Claude, of Edwards, of Owen, yea of the sad but unterrified and unequalled John Calvin, look down upon us from the pannels of our time-honored castle, not (as Dr. Dewey sneers) like a "dark and antiquated hatchment on the wall, the emblem of a life passed away," but as portraitures of those whose life is still vigorous in the thoughts of men, and whose invincible armor still triumphs by means of the very logic they forged, for the conflict which we wage in their stead.

Perhaps we speak warmly; but is there not a cause? Let it be considered in what terms that system is derided and maligned, by which our fathers lived and in which they died, as we also would live and die: a system "which wears no form of beauty that ever art or imagination devised;" "a system whose frowning features the world cannot and will not endure; whose theoretical inhumanity and inhospitality few of its advocates can ever learn; whose tenets are not, as all tenets should be, better but worse, a thousand times worse, than the men who embrace them; whose principles falsify all history and all experience, and throw dishonor upon all earthly heroism and magnanimity!" Hear it ye mighty shades of those who manned the walls of Calvinistic Geneva! Ye who dyed the fields of France with martyrs' blood; ye men of the Covenant, who fell at Bothwell bridge; ye slaughtered saints whose bones lay "scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

"Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks."

Nay, hear it, ye living freemen of Scotland, urging your way onward against a torrent of rebuke and opposition, that the Calvinism for which you suffer these things, falsifies all history and all experience, and throws dishonor upon all earthly heroism and magnanimity! But we have dwelt too long on the ungracious task of exposing what is after all the unreasoning clamor of a fanatical misrepresentation."

Now we ask our readers to consider whether this is anything more than an evasion of Dr. Dewey's argument! It is seizing upon a single expression, turning that aside from its true meaning, and then ringing out against it the triumphant changes of an indignant eloquence. Suppose that everything here asserted were true, it proves nothing; it does not touch Dr. Dewey's argument; it does not even answer truly the single question, which is so tauntingly repeated. Dr. Dewey expressly makes a distinction between Calvinism and Calvinists;—between what Calvinists have done under the influence of their system and what they have done in spite of it. The distinction, certainly, is a fair one, and essential to a right understanding of the subject, though the Reviewer sneeringly dashes it aside. Is it true, that everything done by the upholders of a system is the legitimate fruit of that system! Is everything, for example, which has been done by Christians, to be considered a part of the legitimate fruit of Christianity! A thousand atrocities have been done in the name of Christ by men nominally his followers, whom he could receive only with the words, "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity, I never knew you." Are all the cruelties practiced by Cromwell and his followers in their wars, to be considered a part of the fruits of Calvinism? We allow that Calvinism has done much to make heroes, to arm men by the decrees of the Almighty with invincible courage and power, but just as truly do its doctrines, thoroughly carried out, cut off the tender sensibilities of our nature and all those humanizing influences, so beautifully exhibited in the character of Christ, and without which poetry and art, in their purest forms, cannot exist.

Reference is here made to Cowper. We thank the writer for it. Perhaps no better illustration could be given of the influence of Calvinism, and the action of a tender, imaginative Christian mind, in spite of its peculiar system of faith. The greater part of Cowper's letters, the most attractive and beautiful of his writings, have nothing to do with Calvinism. They are the natural effusions of a heart all alive with Christian sympathies and human affections. They contain a vast deal that would be as unfeelingly condemned by Calvinism, as some of his innocent pleasures and social amusements were by his clerical, Calvinistic advisers; and Cowper, in his better nature, would have felt himself as much aggrieved and injured by the restraints of the one as by the rebukes of the other. So his poetry—who would refer to that as containing the essence of Calvinism? It savors indeed of the pure spirit of Christianity. It has a warmth of sympathy, a tenderness, a love of nature, which may exist in spite of a speculative belief in Calvinism, but which no sane man can regard as the legitimate fruit of such a system. Wherever the iron foot of that stern system plants itself, there no green thing ever after springs up. The Calvinistic passages in Cowper's poetry are either the most barren, or the saddest of his works. The Cast-away—the last and the most overpoweringly sad of his poems, is the natural fruit of that stern and awful system of predestination, acting on a shrinking, sensitive nature like his. And so, those long years of religious gloom and darkness—who does not see the natural connexion between them and that frowning system or faith which tyrannized over him! We do not say that his insanity was altogether owing to his religious belief; but we do say, that its peculiar and terrible form was owing to that, and the disease itself dreadfully prolonged and aggravated by it. We see how his derangement, but we do not see how the best of his poetry, could grow out of his Calvinistic belief.

We would honor Calvinism for what it has done. With its stern and awful front, it stood up amid the corruptions of an effeminate world, frowned thousands away from their follies and brought them into subjection to a higher law. But, like the Stoicism of the old, it had no sympathy with man's kindly feelings—with those sensitive affections, hopes, fears and yearnings, which are so tenderly regarded by our Savior, and, for this reason, though "it may stir up the corruptions of the unrenewed heart," it never can meet the wants of our better nature, or do for us the work which Christianity, in its large and comprehensive character, is fitted to do.

QUESTION FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS. The important question, proposed for discussion at the Teacher's Social Union on Monday evening, will draw together all our Sunday School Teachers, we hope.

CLERICAL MANNERS.

We alluded to this subject in our last paper. It is one which deserves attention.

There are ministers, who put on an air of sanctity, and make themselves thoroughly disagreeable by it. They look with a Pharisaical horror on all amusements and diversions, and we should as soon expect leaves from a dead tree as any kind of pleasantry from them. They bring their religion and profession into disrepute by their assumed austerity. And yet these very men in the use they make of scriptural language and sacred words, sometimes shock the religious sensibilities of the undevout. Besides, under this sanctimonious garb, we have not unfrequently found an excessive selfishness, a total disregard of the little comforts of others, and no evidence of living piety.

Next, there are ministers of a business-like manner. The services of the Sabbath succeed each other in rapid order No time is lost. There is no pause, as a breathing space for the soul, between the different parts; but prayer succeeds to hymn and whatever comes next succeeds to the prayer, as one sale succeeds to another in the auction room. All that they do is done in the same manner. An aged minister of this class, being invited to pray at a public meeting, said, "No, I have done enough of that in my day. Let some of the young men do it." Their parish calls, their visits to the sick, their attendance on funerals, are all of the same kind.

Again there are ministers of light and trifling manners. They carry no weight. Their conversation is marked by levity, or it shows a vain and worldly disposition. They leave no impression for good behind them. Their serious remarks are made in such a way as to have no effect. Now we do not object to pleasantry. It mingles delightfully in the conversation of the devout. It lends a charm to the most serious thoughts. Where men are sincere in their religious convictions and enjoy peace in their own minds, nothing is more natural and more beautiful than the sallies of genial humor which come from them. They may often unbend, and become as frolicksome as children. But between this and what we have described above, there is as much difference as between the nonsense of wise men and the nonsense of fools.—Such men evidently have no depth of religious character. Christianity is not with them the one all-absorbing reality, the fountain of their being; nor is there a necessity upon them, constraining them, whether they will or no, to make known to others and impress upon them, that which is so essential to their own being.

In the fourth place, there are ministers of good manners, of a refined external, who never offend our taste or violate the conventional rules of society. They are favorites at dinner parties and other social gatherings. They are men of quick feelings, and have religious convictions and sensibilities. They furnish religion enough to meet the demands of society, and have great address in dealing with men and women. But they have habits of self-indulgence. They eat, drink and smoke in such a way as to show how ready they are to gratify their appetites.—Or in a hundred other ways their love of ease shows itself. They are too polite to hold up in all places the standard of Christian duty, and by the pliancy of their manners countenance in those whom they meet habits of a pernicious, if not a fatal tendency. Too many fashionable preachers, some highly gifted and others only moderately endowed, belong to this class, and solemn is the responsibility that rests upon them.

But we must particularise no more. There is the egotistical minister, talking always of himself, his head aches, his children, his house or sermons, the morbidly conscientious; the busy body, looking into every one's affairs, gossiping about from house to house, of which species there are two varieties, the harmless good-natured ones, and those who are always getting themselves and their friends into trouble. But these are also men of pure hearts and simple lives, who, thinking little of themselves, and much of the welfare of their people, go about doing good with no formal religion in their looks, and yet with the port and bearing of men thoroughly engaged in their work. Meek, gentle, cheerful and sincere, they need no words to announce them as ministers of Christ, and often convey their great message most impressively, when their talk seems to be of other things.

For the Register.

NO FANCY SKETCH.

It was a warm Sabbath day in the month of August; a heavy shower in the afternoon, had made the earth look fresh and beautiful, when with other friends, I visited a dear young girl in her dying room. Consumption had chosen her for a victim, perhaps because "it LOVES a *shining mark.*"

All hope of Lucy's recovery was gone; and as she was fully conscious that she was soon to die, she felt desirous of uniting with the Church, a duty that she had neglected in health. How shall I describe the interesting scene? There upon her dying pillow the fair young girl was laid; she was lovely in *health*, but *far more beautiful then*, with a calm look of peaceful happiness lighting up her expressive countenance, and her dark eyes shining with a brilliancy that told of the spirit within.

Our minister in solemn, touching words, gave to Lucy and all of us the faithful, affectionate counsel, appropriate to the time; he prayed for us and her, and "in our hearts we prayed with him;" for the heart must be cold indeed that could not pray at such a time. She was baptized in His name who *gave* her life, and was so soon to take it away, and her Savior's whom she was obeying. We partook for the *first* and *last* time with Lucy of the communion service. All eyes were dim with tears, but our young sister shed no tear, betrayed no emotion save happiness and peace. It was not well to weep for her, who was going *home*, ere the freshness of life's morning was blighted, to be as we trust happy forever; for *ourselves* we weep, not for her. In a little while Lucy died; the same Christian composure remained, while she passed through the "dark valley," for indeed she "feared no evil." The Lord, we doubt not, was with her, even He whom she had loved and obeyed. I went to her funeral; many mourners gathered around to look upon her for the last time. Our pastor's words were few and touching, for he too was a mourner. Those beautiful appropriate words "Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee," were sung, and then we looked upon the "lovely in death." "They who have seen thy look in death, No more may fear to die." The long black lashes rested heavily upon the marble cheek, and a beautiful angelic smile lingered upon the lips, closed by death. According to Lucy's request, "Shed not a tear" was sung over her grave. *Angels* sang the *heavenly melody* which we trust welcomed the youthful spirit to that heavenly inheritance, "that fadeth not away." There are holy and blessed influences going forth from such providences as this, that we should do well to heed; they are sent for some wise purpose and we should study and follow out their true meaning.

Northborough. N. M. W.

For the Register.

ORTHODOXY AND THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The great out-cry raised by the Orthodox press against Dr. Gannett's Lecture on Inspiration, strongly tempts one to charge upon the conductors of this press, either sheer dishonesty, or the grossest ignorance of what standard Orthodox writers have said upon the subject. It would really seem, that these men are either ignorant themselves, or that they suppose all Unitarians ignorant of it, that a work sent forth to all the Orthodox churches, of all denominations, in the United States, as a standard work, takes as strong ground against the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, as Dr. G. has taken.

This work is Carpenter's "Guide to the study of the Bible." It is inserted in a supplementary volume of the "*Comprehensive Commentary*," edited by the learned and venerable DR. JENKS, of this city, and widely circulated through the length and breath of the land. On the 115th page of Dr. Jenks's "Supplement," the doctrine of Inspiration is stated and defended thus:

"Here, then, we may rest the question relative to the inspiration of the didactic parts of the New Testament—that inspiration was necessary, in order to a perception of the truths made known by the writers—was promised by Christ—was claimed by the respective authors—and was conceded by the persons to whom they wrote. Beyond this point, however, we find no indication of divine superintendence or suggestion having been afforded to the writers of the New Testament. So far, indeed, are the evangelists from referring the origin of their narratives to any such inspired source, that in the only case, in which we can derive direct information relative to the sources of their knowledge, we are necessarily led to deny the assumption. In the preface to Luke's Gospel, that evangelist sets forth the pretensions, upon which he demands the credence of those, to whom he addresses himself. In alleging the motive, from which he undertook the task of writing his narrative, he claims for it no higher origin than was conceded to the 'many,' to which he refers (v. 1,) and no higher authority for the facts set forth, than was derivable from the diligence of the author, and the superior nature and credibility of his resources (v. 4.)

"But we shall not dwell upon this circumstance, important as it is in relation to the theory of inspiration, so far as the evangelical narratives are concerned, but at once advert to certain portions of these narratives, for the purpose of showing, that to claim a constant superintending control of the Holy Spirit on behalf of them, must necessarily lead to insuperable and very serious difficulties.

"(1.) In the accounts, which the evangelists have given of the cure of a blind man, in the vicinity of Jericho, there exists a difficulty utterly incompatible with the notion of divine inspiration. Luke states, that the transaction occurred as our Savior was *approaching towards* Jericho; while Matthew and Mark represent it as having taken place after his *departure from it*.

"(2.) Let the reader next turn to the accounts furnished of the embalming of Christ at the tomb, by Matthew, Mark, and Luke; and compare those accounts with the narrative which John gives of the transaction, and the discrepances will be seen to defy human ingenuity to remove them. John, who often appears anxious to rectify the trivial errors of the preceding evangelists, informs us, in this case, that *previous to the entombing* of the Savior's body, it was embalmed by Nicodemus and Joseph; i. e. on the Friday evening; and that this was done with the full knowledge of Mary and the other women, who were present at the crucifixion. Matthew, Mark, and Luke, however, state that the spices for embalming the body were purchased by the women *after the entombing;* it being intended to perform the process of embalming on the Sunday morning.

"(3.) The numerous variations existing in the several narratives of the resurrection are obvious enough to every reader of the Gospel; the numerous and fruitless efforts that have been made to remove them, sufficiently demonstrate them to be more than apparent.

"(4.) To mention one case more:—In the accounts, which three of the evangelists have given of a dispute that took place amongst the disciples, for pre-eminence in the kingdom of the Messiah, and of the conversation which subsequently took place between them and our Savior, there is a very marked and striking difference; but between two of the narratives this difference is so great as to render them utterly irreconcilable with each other. According to Matthew, the disciples *came to Jesus to ask* who should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. According to Mark, however, the dispute amongst the disciples arose on the way from Gallilee to Capernaum; and, on their arrival in the town, our Savior excited their surprise by discovering to them his knowledge of the controversy in which they had been engaged. He was the first to notice the occurrence. *He asked them* of what they had been disputing on the way; and so far do they appear to have been from soliciting his opinion, that they hesitated to answer his question as to the fact, being by that time convinced of the error and sin into which they had been betrayed.

"These discrepancies might be greatly multiplied, but it is unnecessary to add to their number. One such discrepancy, if its existence be assumed, is as conclusive against the plenary inspiration of the narrative in which it is found, as a thousand of them would be; for it is to be observed, that the cases we have produced are not cases in which there is a mere variation in the mode of relating a transaction, one writer supplying what another omitted; they involve direct and palpable contradictions; and notwithstanding all the labor and ingenuity, which have been expended upon them, they are utterly incapable of being removed.

"Now, however unimportant such variations in the text of the sacred narratives may be, viewed in themselves, and however little they effect the general credit of the writers, as faithful and trustworthy historians, they are, as we have said, wholly irreconcilable with the notion of a constant divine inspiration; for when this exists, there must be an absence of all error.—To suppose, as some have done, that these contradictions have been allowed for the purpose of inducing a reliance upon the divine communications, even where they are contradictory in human reason, appears to be, not only a palpable begging of the question, but to savor so much of absurdity, as to preclude a serious answer. The inspiration of any writing is only to be gathered from internal evidence; and where this evidence makes against the assumption, the case is clearly and finally settled.

"We may ask, too, What is gained by contending for the inspiration of those parts of Scripture, which are subjects of this inquiry? By its abandonment, no evidence of the divine origin of Christianity is given up—no doctrine of the Christian faith is rendered questionable or nugatory. These are not founded upon the fidelity with which the minutiæ of events are detailed; but upon the fact of certain great occurrences, and upon the truth of certain annunciations, whose inspiration is placed beyond question."

I might extend these extracts, but it is unnecessary. What I have quoted will be found in the 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14th paragraphs of the second topic of Mr. Carpenter's argument upon the inspiration of the Scriptures, and as before stated on page 115 of Dr. Jenks's "Supplement." This is the reasoning, and these are the opinions, not of Dr. Lant Carpenter, a Unitarian divine, but of Wm. Carpenter M. A.; and they are inserted in an accredited and widely circulated standard work in "Orthodox" sacred literature. And with what decency can "Orthodox" men make such gross and captious attacks upon Dr. Gannett for uttering sentiments not a whit more heretical or rationalistic than those which have the sanction of their own chief priests and elders? Do they not know what their own teachers have said? And if they do, where is the honesty of so much *awful cant* about "errors and mistakes" charged upon the inspired writers of the New Testament? Let them attempt to explain how two plenarily inspired writers can give irreconcilably different accounts of the same event, and they will have something to do besides abusing Dr. Gannett and the Unitarians.

When the above opinions of Mr. Carpenter and Dr. Jenks are disposed of, I can furnish selections, not less edifying, from Prof. Stuart's work on the "Old Testament Canon." N.

For the Register.

ONE ARGUMENT FOR THE IMMORTAL LIFE.

BY E. G. HOLLAND.

You once asked me to give you, for publication, a view of the immortal life, not contained in the lecture from which you extracted, which was but a fragment of the thought yielded by the great theme. I have only time to follow out one idea, and this may not be new to all your readers. I am glad, however, to think that the glorious truth of human immortality rests on a mightier support than any arguments yet found, are able to give. Comparatively it is of small consequence to the great truth itself as to its dominion over the faith of mankind, whether our reasonings are answerable or unswerable, sound or unsound, for, or against, since the same causes which have sustained it in every country, continued to be, and are permanent in man and in nature. The same power, which of old, gave the nations a dim, shadowy view of future being, exists under far greater advantages; and as the time has not been, neither can it be, when the soul as a witness of this idea, will not be too strong for all the intellectual effort of scepticism and even the dark appearance and forbidding mystery of death itself.

But on all great points it is satisfactory to reason, and that man may look into many subjects until he is lost, is no small fact—since he is the only being that ever gets *lost* in this way. Getting lost in the immensity of truth is but a glimmer of infinitude.

The one argument to which I referred, lies in the capacity of man to look into Nature, and there read the workings of Wisdom, there interpret the intelligent doings of Mind. I say Mind, Universal Mind. For what else can universally govern? There is no government without wisdom and no wisdom without mind. If, therefore, Nature to all men reveals wisdom, it proves to all the presence and action of Mind, equal at least to the stupendous phenomena displayed and the ends fulfilled. Now without Revelation all men may be thus impressed. Man walks out upon the earth, and detects in all things the presence of Mind. He sees its uniform workings. He cannot know a thing of nature which speaks not of it. A leaf is as truly its infallible proof as a world or the universe. It is not necessary to the present argument, that the Mind every where displayed in natural phenomena should be contemplated as God, as independent of nature, but to take the argument from the shady grounds where scepticism itself proudly walks, perhaps it is not best thus to contemplate it. Suffice it to say that *in* Nature a universally active, designing, creative principle is at work, never resting, never tiring. This must be mind, because it works to order, it administers to ends, constructs with beauty, and operates by a refinement of agency and an amplitude of means surpassing all thought and utterance. Wherever you stand, you are surrounded by Mind, greater, deeper and wiser than you have capacity to measure. If books, cities, pyramids, governments and revolutions are proof of active mind in man, then trees, fields, lands, waters, sun and stars, day and night, are proofs of active Mind in Nature. If the latter are not infallible proofs of Mind *in* Nature, then there is no proof of mind whatever, then the term is meaningless. But this will be admitted.

Now this all pervading Mind thus universally active *in* Nature, is either mortal or immortal. It cannot be mortal since all mortalities in nature are subject to its sway. It presides over all decays, dissolves living organizations according to law, and from separated elements combines new forms of *life*, and then presides over its mysterious functions. No marks of change are here.—It weaves the leaf of the violet the same to day as at first, and so of all its marvellous operations. What say you, my friend? Is this Mind whose presence is so widely acknowledged, mortal?—When has it ceased to act, and to act with beauty, goodness and power? Nay, the visible universe were now dead but for its immortality. Indeed, I find many of the sceptical who delight to extol the wonders of this intelligent, creative, and every where present principle *in* Nature, whose immortality they joyfully affirm.

Now on what principle is it that man looks thus into Nature and reads the doings of this uncreated, unperishable mind? Can he thus stand in the midst of such glorious phenomena, and know the Mind displayed, only through kindred powers? Can he, more than the animal he governs, apprehend the presence of such Mind without some unity of nature between the mind seeing and the Mind seen? To me, this capacity is impossible without this unity.

In Religion, it is stated as a great truth, that man can only know the Creator through kindred powers and attributes. No truth is more clear. Man without wisdom, power and love in himself, could never see these attributes in their perfect, attractive and infinite forms in God. Man without these, cannot even apprehend such a Being; and the fact, that man does receive a Revelation, that he does worship God, that he knows him partially, is taken as a sound argument in proof of the likeness and unity of the soul human with the soul divine. Let us apply this same sentiment to the subject before us.

Thus far I have only spoken of that deathless, wonderful Mind, attested by all natural phenomena. It works through all space. All the senses witness the display of the intelligence, which as surely implies Mind as day implies the sun. No one anticipates its extinction since it holds all powers under its control. It is immortal; and many who deny the future being of man, boldly affirm it to be self-existent and eternal, omnipotent in all nature. It is Nature's Soul, Nature's Mind.

But unless it can be shown that man may apprehend, understand, and admire this universal, self-existing Mind, without kindred powers, I may regard it as established, that it is only through such powers that man detects its existence. His immortality follows. For a like nature cannot perish, cannot become extinct.—Whoever, under these boundless heavens, looks upon this beautiful earth with an eye that admires the manifold wisdom and goodness, which are, in its arrangements, displayed; whoever rejoices, when on the sunny height of his philosophy, to see the adaptation of the external world to the intellectual nature and wants; whoever extols Nature as All, affirming the wonderful character of the skill and goodness by which her phenomena are *governed*, affirms the action of universal intelligence, consequently of universal Mind. And in affirming this, he affirms his capacity to know it: and in this he affirms his own immortality. *For man cannot apprehend, understand nor admire Mind above himself, but through kindred powers, through likeness of faculties.* The immortality of the universal Mind, if such a mind pervades nature, and the immortality of him who has the capacity to discover its presence and be awed by its doings, are questions which must stand and fall together, and if so, there are many who this day stand upon premises which contain conclusions destructive to the denial of the immortal life. They tread upon ground hostile to their denial.

But why prove the immortal life? We *are*. This is the present fact, and that we shall be is necessarily the presumptive fact. What can annihilate this fact? This is to be proven by him who *affirms* the exclusive mortality of man against the fact presumptive. Here then justly rests the laboring oar.

Waiving strictness of thought somewhat, may we not quite truly say, that if nothingness and dark annihilation are the end of all souls, that the flowers which spring up in our paths are falsehoods; that every strain of music, every glad voice from the grove, and every beautiful thing is untrue; that the light which fills the universe by day, and opens a new hemisphere of beauty by night, is a permanent deception.—For are they not untrue to a fate so gloomy?—To be true to such an end, the sun, moon and stars should be black; the flowers should weep; the rapturous voices which awaken the soul should be groans, and every thing should utter as its natural language the dark prophecy—Annihilation! But what means this universe of beauties, grand as the home of its chief guest? Why blooms here a flower, and why shines here a star, and why the joyous song? The heart believes, speculate as ye may, that these bright things are intimations of some thing far brighter in human destiny, if man will be as true to his law as these are to their's; that these good and beautiful things are instructions of a goodness which will not allow us to perish; that suns and stars, flowers and fountains, voices sweet and voices sublime, are visible prophecies of the glories which shall unite in human destiny, if man like these is true to God.

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR,—Why is it that the reiterated attempts that are made by a few unscrupulous writers in the Orthodox body to blacken the reputation and to destroy the influence of the Secretary of the Board of Education, have not met with a rebuke in some of the Orthodox Journals? This question I have asked myself again and again, but without obtaining any satisfactory answer. It is evident from the last Annual Report of the Board, composed of men of probity and intelligence—a majority of whom are Orthodox, that the Secretary enjoys *their* confidence and is by them deemed worthy of the confidence of the people of this Commonwealth. I have no doubt that he is so regarded by the people generally—by a great majority of the members of the Orthodox denominations themselves. Why then, in the name of equal justice and Christian charity, does not some one arise from among themselves if not to vindicate the character of a faithful public servant from the foul aspersions which have been cast upon it, which he can do very well for himself—yet for their own sake, and the truth's sake and sweet charity's sake!

Are the Orthodox willing to admit that they are fairly represented by such men as Matthew Hale Smith? I trow not. And I call upon them to say so—to say it publicly and emphatically—so that the slanderer may feel the rebuke, and be led to repentance and the acknowledgment of the truth. One strong article published in an Orthodox journal, over a responsible name, embodying the sentiments, which, if I mistake not, are held by honest and intelligent men generally of all denominations, in relation to the character and services of Horace Mann, would do more to correct the evil, than all the castigations however righteous and necessary, administered through the medium of Unitarian publications. Is there no one bold enough to do this simple act of justice? I wait for a reply.

JUSTITIA.

[New York Correspondence.]

THE PULPIT.

NEW YORK, March 3, 1847.

DEAR SIR,—Among the agencies that most powerfully modify our civil and social condition, must undoubtedly be reckoned the pulpit and its concomitant appliances. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? Consider the church as an organised force, with every seventh day protected from secular encroachment, and consecrated to religious observances and instruction; its numerous sacred edifices; its ministers, in a great proportion of cases, liberally educated men, devoted to that most effective of all methods of instruction, oral teaching; consider the Sunday schools, with their troops of teachers and children, all under clerical control; the tract, bible, missionary, prayer-book and other societies, all directed by ministers; think of the system of parochial visitation by pastors and their teachers, elders, tract distributors, and it were strange indeed if a great and searching and moulding influence were not exerted upon the popular mind, manners and opinions, by such an extended and pervading spiritual police.

In a great city like New York, especially, the pulpit is charged with an immense responsibility, to meet which are demanded the highest intellectual and moral attributes. Here are congregated nearly half a million of active, thinking people;—here are the leading spirits in all the the departments of thought and action, merchants, traders, the masters in the mechanical and Fine arts, the lawyers, physicians and scholars, the men who give tone and direction to public sentiment throughout the country; and here are located and managed those associations, political, moral and religious, whose ramifications spread over the world and reach down to unborn generations. Several times every week, from 150,000 to 200,000 of our population are addressed by the ministry on the most important of all subjects, that of religion; and admitting that the cares and pleasures of life and other disturbing influences of a large city, with the natural levity and indifference of our hearts obliterate many impressions, still it cannot but be that the pulpit should stand foremost among the agencies that effect our public and private character, and advance or retard our civilization and mould its developments.

I have supposed, therefore, that a candid portraiture of our Metropolitan pulpit, and an important estimate of its influence, might afford topics for an interesting and not unprofitable correspondence with your readers.

In the progress of our correspondence we may find it expedient to give brief but unbiassed sketches of leading living ministers of Religion, and of their method and merits. But our plan contemplates nothing which is not within the rules of the strictest decorum; and although we propose to speak of individuals, we see no difficulty in avoding personalities, in any unpleasant or objectionable sense of that word. We have nothing to do with private character or relations, but only with the public teacher and his instructions.

A dignified and discriminating censorship of the pulpit should be desired and encouraged for the sake both of the Christian public and the Christian ministry. Error is much more readily committed and communicated in public speaking than through books. The speaker and hearer are both warmed and hurried on from passage to passage, from opening to conclusion, often with less of reflection and conviction, than of feeling and passion. The object of oratory is to persuade, to carry the audience, and the heart is often taken before the understanding is informed, and the fancy is rioting in cloud-land before conscience is up or reason is awake. Books are of a cooler nature. Both writer and reader have time to view and review and to distinguish between argument and invention—between the glowing assault upon the senses and imagination and the manly open appeal to the judgment. And after all, books need a literary and moral purgative and pruning before they are fit to be trusted abroad in common company. Much more public oral teachers in whatever department of instruction, but most of all in morals and religion. It is an evil of serious import for any class of men, however learned or good, to be permitted an unquestioned and unquestionable dictatorship and oracular utterance. Ministers themselves suffer from all pretension to unreviewable authority and sanctity as public teachers. Accustomed to utter uncontradicted *ex cathedra* what they please, or even what they believe to be true they are in danger of becoming autocratical, dogmatical, impatient of all doubt and questioning, and hence the controversies and debates in ecclesiastical courts and conventions are marked by a bitterness and pungening unknown in the conflicts of lawyers, politicians and statesmen, and the *odium theologicum* describes a temper unattainable by the secular professions.

It may be safely questioned whether we have not too much preaching, the kind of much of it and the digestive capabilities of popular assemblies being considered. Count Rumford, it is said, proposed to the Elector of Bavaria a scheme for feeding his soldiers at a much cheaper rate than formerly. His plan was simply to compel the men to masticate their food thoroughly. A small quantity thus eaten, would, he supposed, afford more sustenance than a large meal hastily devoured. How the proposition was received we do not remember, but to the mind, we believe, it will be found more nutritious to digest a single sermon than to devour a dozen. If this be so, then the great multiplication of sermons and meetings which we have seen in our day, is neither wise nor economical.

We must venture the general observation here that considering the immense advantages, as already remarked, of the pulpit in this city for moulding the popular tastes and sentiments, upon the basis of an enlarged and generous philanthropy, we are surpised as often as we think on the subject, at the apparently slight hold and small influence which what is called the orthodox ministry actually maintains in all liberalizing and onward movements of the age. That their influence is slight in this regard compared with what might be expected, I shall mention a number of facts in another letter to show; and a variety of reasons why this is the case will be mentioned in the proper place. CRITO.

For the Register.

ORDINATION AT SALEM.

The Rev. Octavius Brooks Frothingham, son of the Rev. Dr. Frothingham, of the First Church, Boston, a graduate at H. U. in 1843, was ordained the fourth pastor of the North Church, in Salem, on 10 March, 1847.

As preliminary to the vote to proceed to his ordination, the candidate made an explicit and unwavering avowal, to the satisfaction of the Council, of his belief in the miracles of our Lord, and in his resurrection.

The Exercises commenced with an Anthem, "How beautiful upon the mountains", &c.

The Introductory Prayer was by the Rev. Dr. Flint, of Salem, who proceeded to read appropriate passages of Scripture.

A Psalm was next sung, supposed to have

…en written by the father of the candidate, to a …e called Ellingwood. It was performed with …gular propriety and effect.

The Sermon was particularly interesting, not …rely in itself considered, but also as it was …eached by the father of the candidate. Text, Tim. ii. 15. "Rightly dividing the word of …th."

An Original Hymn was then sung to Mission- … Chant.

Ordaining Prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Parkman, Boston.

Hand of Fellowship, by the Rev. T. T. …one, of the First Church, Salem.

The Charge, by Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury.

Concluding Prayer, by the Rev. James W. …hompson, of Salem.

"Sanctus." Music, by H. K. Oliver.

Benediction, by the Pastor.

All the services were interesting—the Charge …rticularly was marked by its pertinency and …isdom. Both minister and people enter upon …eir new relation under the most favorable cir- …mstances, with everything to encourage them. …ay the blessing of heaven go with them and …ad to the fulfilment of more even than they …ow dare hope.

The following facts in regard to the North …hurch in Salem have been kindly furnished by …friend, to whom we are frequently indebted …r similar information; and whose accuracy is …eyond all cavil.

"The North Church, in Salem, was formed …om the First Church, in 1773.

I. The first pastor was the Rev. Thomas …arnard, D. D., son of the minister of the First …hurch, of the same name. He was born 5 …ebruary 1748, graduated at Harvard Univer- …ty 1766, ordained, 13 January 1773, and died, …October, 1814, in the 67th year of his age, …nd 42d. of his ministry. He was a popular …eacher, an intimate associate and friend of the …ev. Dr. John Prince of the First Church, in …id town, who, though but about 3 1-2 years …is junior, survived him, nearly 22 years, hav- …g been born, 11 July O. S. 1751, and died …June, 1836, nearly 85 years of age.

Dr. Barnard received the Degree of D. D. …om Edinburgh, also from Brunswick, in Maine …794.

He was first named in the act for incorporat- …g the Massachusetts Congregational Charita- …le Society. He was a member of the Ameri- …an Academy of arts and sciences. He preach- …d the Artillery Election sermon, which was …rinted, in 1789, from Isaiah xi. 13. He preach- …d the convention sermon, in 1793, which was …rinted, from Ecclesiastes iii. 1. He delivered …he Dudleian Lecture, on Natural Religion, in …793, from Acts xiv. 14—17. He was also …ember of the Society for propagating the …ospel among the Indians and others in North …merica.

II. His successor was the Rev. John Emery …bbot, son of Benjamin Abbot, LL. D., Princi- …al of the Phillips Academy, in Exeter, born, …August, 1793, graduated at Bowdoin College, …n 1810, and ordained, 20 April, 1815, and died, …October, 1819. Never was the plaintive lan- …guage of Job, "Thou destroyest the hope of …man," more strikingly verified, than in the early …issolution of this promising divine. A fine …olume of his sermons was published, after his …lecease, to which was prefixed a brief memoir …y his friend Dr. Henry Ware, Jr.

III. The third pastor was Rev. John Brazer, …D. D. born in Worcester, 21 September 1789, …nd graduated at Harvard University in 1813, …with the first honors of his class. He was or- …dained, 14 November, 1820, and died, on a …isit for his health, at the hospitable mansion of …is classmate Dr. Benjamin Huger, of Charles- …on, S. C. 26 February 1846.

On receiving intelligence of his sudden death …he people of his charge clothed his pulpit in …ourning, and the Rev. Dr. Flint delivered a fu- …neral sermon, which was printed. Dr. Brazer …eceived the degree of D. D. from his Alma …Mater, in 1836. He was member of the Amer- …can Academy of arts and sciences. He deliv- …ered the oration, before the P. B. K., in 1819, …nd offered the annual prayer, in 1825. He …preached the Artillery Election sermon, in 1827, …rom Psalm cxxvii. 1. He delivered the Dud- …leian Lecture on Natural Religion, in 1835, …which was printed. In 1831, he made the Fore- …fathers' Address at Plymouth.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EULOGY ON JOHN PICKERING, LL. D. By Daniel Appleton White.

In this exciting age, amid the whirl and perpetual activity of the world, when literature and even religion are swayed by the same tumultuous feelings as politics and business, it is delightful to find a place of rest, where we may give ourselves up to still and useful thoughts, and to the quiet contemplation of a life wisely and faithfully spent. It is pleasant to find such a place, though it be by the grave of one honored and lamented,—pleasant and useful too to give ourselves up to the reflections which it naturally suggests, to trace that life from its beginnings on through its many labors to its bright and peaceful close. This was our first feeling after reading the Eulogy on Mr. Pickering. It is calm, clear, unimpassioned. There is no striving for effect, no would-be eloquence, no labored attempt to make out a case, but a plain, simple, unadorned sketch of what Mr. Pickering did and what he was. It is the life of a lawyer, a statesman, a scholar, a friend, by one whose admiration is so true and his affection so genuine as to leave him anxious only to give an exact and faithful picture. And in this we cannot but think that the writer has been eminently successful. The crowded labors of a useful life are brought before us in such a way as to awaken or increase our admiration for the departed, and to stimulate us with a desire to improve our time more wisely. "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep." The example of distinguished men is a great encouragement to the young, and we know of no example which can better be held up to the young student than that of John Pickering as exhibited in this Discourse.

THE FAMINE AND THE SWORD. Brotherhood of Nations. A Sermon, by F. D. Huntington.

A touchingly beautiful Discourse, which, we trust, will have a more extended circulation than is usual with this class of writings. We know not that we have met a more affecting appeal for those perishing with hunger, or a more tender and at the same time stern rebuke of the war in which we are now engaged.

"The famine and the sword." Another striking fact that associates these words together, is this: that it is only a few months ago that the government of this country seemed just about to draw the *sword* for the sake of a disputed title to a strip of land, upon that very British nation, one member of which it now hastens to deliver from the jaws of *famine*. The threatened barbarity of bloodshed has been exchanged for the friendly intercommunication of kindness. What happier consummation could a Christian ask! Not only is the change, the contrast,—as has been said,—a most gratifying one, but there seems to me to be a yet higher view of the matter. Had that menacing rupture been completed, in all human probability,—not necessarily,—indeed it ought even then to have been otherwise, but such is the nature of human passions engendered by war, and such are the alienating and embittering effects of that inhuman business, that, in all probability, the thousands of Ireland and Scotland would have been starving as they are now, perhaps even in more dire extremities, and yet no helping hand would have been stretched from the wealthy States on this side the sea. Instead of being their friend, this country would then have been their foe. Instead of performing towards them the blessed offices of the good Samaritan, we should have been engaged, with demoniac rage, in tearing out their vitals. Instead of bearing out the supplies that are to save their lives, our fleets would have been belching out fire and death upon their citizens.

As it is, is not our country sustaining a far more beautiful relation? We are receiving the inmates of Irish alms-houses and the destitute districts, by thousands, upon our hospitable shores, and giving them employment and wages upon our public works, and not this only, but when the wail of starvation reaches us across the ocean from those that remain behind, we impart to them of the wealth wherewith Providence has crowned so lavishly those very public works, and of the sustenance poured, under the smiles of Heaven, from our fertile acres. This is human fellowship; this is democracy; this is Christianity. This seems, indeed, like some perceptible approach towards the brotherhood of nations! I say again, may God accept the offering, and pardon us our follies and our sins!

For follies and sins we have; and it becomes us in shame and humiliation to confess them. There is one more circumstance that associates together those words, "the famine and the sword;" one that carries with it a certain feeling of regret and disgust; and the one, let me say, that first led me to the choice of these words as my text, this morning. On the same evening, three days ago, when hundreds of the humane and the benevolent of this community were gathering into the old shrine of liberty, where so many a noble cause has been pleaded, and so many a noble voice been uttered, another company was assembling elsewhere in the city for a very different purpose. In the one place, the friends of humanity met, to relieve *famine*; in the other, persons met to witness the presentation of a *sword*,—a sword, an instrument fabricated, if for any purpose, for the destruction of human life, and the butchering of human bodies. Respecting the ceremony itself, I have nothing to say. Of the taste that could help men and women to enjoy the spectacle, different persons will probably entertain different opinions. But the occasion had, to my mind, a moral, or an immoral significance. It reminded us all that we have an army; and not only an army, but sad and brutal work for that army to do; that we are heaping infamous outrages upon a poor sister republic, and violating the everlasting laws of Almighty God, by ruining, and stabbing, and shooting his children."

For the Register.

OBITUARY.

FRANCIS MARIA BUCKNAM.

In West Cambridge, Jan. 24th, Francis Maria, only daughter of J. Bucknam, aged 13 years, 7 months.

Little Fanny, with her bright, joyous and affectionate countenance, was the friend of *all*, both old and young. Many of our citizens will long miss the pleasant smile and the ever ready hand of the friendly little girl whose death we grieve over; yet we do not grieve for *her;* for her gentle and confiding spirit meekly submitted itself to the will of her Heavenly Father, when she knew that she must leave her home, where she was "a perpetual sunshine," giving joy unmixed to hearts that loved her with a tenderness "too near akin to idolatry." While maturing with uncommon graces of mind and person, delighted with every thing and giving comfort and joy to all around her, she was seized with an acute disease that baffled all skill and the anxious care of her friends. She soon was sensible that she *must die*, and immediately she endeavored to prepare for the solemn event and sought, by earnest pleadings, to reconcile her beloved parents to the sudden and heart-rending dispensation. Her conversation showed that the subjects of death, of the future state, of her accountability to God and of her obligation to her Savior, were no strangers to her mind. Perhaps the having been the tender and affectionate little nurse of an invalid parent, through many seasons of feebleness, served to fit her for an early death. Death did not come to her as a stranger, but as one thought of in the season of youthful health and cheerfulness.

She was one of four Fannys, bound together by the closest ties of consanguinity—the venerable and infirm great grandmother—the still active grandmother—the bereaved mother and she—the youngest born on earth but the eldest born to Heaven. Mysterious to us seems the Providence that removed the pet lamb of the fold—yet wise—for may not her early death, her childish faith, her prayers, her sweet remembrance uplift "the veil that hangs so heavily" before the spirit world and inspire new hope and confidence in Him, "who doeth all things well."

She was an uncommonly affectionate and friendly child; thoughtful beyond her years yet playful, finding happiness in every body and everything about her. Her companions will cherish her pleasant memory and no doubt, her grave will be often visited and dressed with the *flowers* she loved so well.

Her parents and her only brother must long and deeply feel her loss, but the loveliness of character that so endeared her to them will be the sweetest consolation for her absence.

Happy family! to have been permitted so long "to entertain an angel unawares," until her wings unfolded and she soared away to Infinite Love.

E. A. W.

CHURCH OF THE DIVINE UNITY, (Rev. Mr. Bellows') New York. We learn from a statement in the Christian Inquirer, that recent efforts to relieve this Church of its debt have been attended with success. $23,000 have been raised and the debt on the building paid off, leaving only the original mortgage on the land; the interest for which is provided for in the regular income. This result has been accomplished by the members of the Society themselves.

*** The Boston Recorder of this week contains just such an article as our correspondent in another column asks. It is gratifying to see this and we shall gladly transfer the article to our columns next week.

FAST DAY. The Governor has appointed Thursday, 8th of April to be observed as the annual Fast.

*** Subscribers in Burlington, Vt., will find their Bills at the Book Store of Mr. C. B. Edwards.

CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS, LOWELL.

This young Society, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Niles, has issued a circular, asking for assistance in building a new church. They have many difficulties to struggle with, and ought not to be permitted to die for want of aid from a wealthy and liberal denomination. In a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, there ought certainly to be two Unitarian societies. They could not have a more able or excellent man for a minister.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the settlement of the Rev. Dr. Pierce will be celebrated on Monday next at Brookline. The public services will be in the 1st Congregational Church: to commence at 2 1-2 precisely. The Collation will be at the town hall in the evening. Owing to the size of the hall, it is necessary to limit the number at about two hundred and fifty: a necessity much regreted but wholly unavoidable. The Reflector of Thursday contains an interesting biography of Dr. Pierce, which we were unable to copy this week. In our next we hope to give this article and a full account of the "sayings and doings" on Monday.

THE DUDLEIAN LECTURE. The Rev. William H. Furness of Philadelphia has accepted the invitation of the Trustees to deliver the Annual Dulcian Lecture in the Chapel of the University at Cambridge. The subject in order for this year, according to the foundation of Chief Justice Dudley, is "Natural Religion." The appointment as Lecturer for the present year was, we understand, tendered to Bishop Potter and declined by him on the ground of other engagements.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

SUMMARY. The three million bill, so called, has been passed *without the Wilmot proviso.* The votes of members from free States consummated this act.—The number of slaves in Delaware in the year 1840, when the last census was taken, was 2605.—The recent bill before the legislature has been lost by a *tie;* truly a hard knot—The present number of students in the Bangor Seminary is 36. The whole number of graduates is 202.—For the relief of Ireland, Congress has given power to the Navy Department to entrust the U. S. ship Macedonian to Commodore DeKay, and the Jamestown to Mr. Robert B. Forbes of this city, to carry out provisions.—*Well Done Delaware.* The Delaware Legislature passed a joint resolution, requesting the Senators and Representatives of that State in Congress to oppose the addition of new territory to our Union which shall not thereafter be free from slavery.—Here is a list of the recent executive appointments. David Tod, of Ohio, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary near his Majesty the Emperor of Brazil, vice Henry A Wise, recalled at his own request. John R. Clay, Charge d'Affairs at Pern. Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to his Majesty the King of France. George W. Hopkins, of Virgina, Charge de Affaires of the United States to the Queen of Portugal. Major Generals—Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri; Wm. Cumming, of Georgia. Brigadier Generals—George Cadwallader, of Pennsylvania; Enos D. Hopping, of New York; Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire.—Major General Benton is to leave Washington next week for the seat of war: and it is to be hoped that his promises and those of the administration as to an early peace may be realized.—*Important Decision.* The Supreme Court at Washington on the 6th inst., decided in favor of the constitutionality of the "license laws," so called. There were six judges on the bench; and they gave it as their unanimous opinion that the States have a right to regulate the trade in, and license the sale of ardent spirits. This vexed question is now settled.—Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn has been chosen Mayor of Roxbury, in place of Mr. Clarke, who declined being a candidate for re-election.—The people of Charlestown decided on Wednesday to accept a city charter. Yeas 1143, Nays 869 Majority for a city 274.

NOBLE CONDUCT. An Irish boy, about eight years of age, who was playing on board a schooner at the north side of Long wharf, yesterday afternoon, fell overboard, and would have inevitably have been drowned, had it not been for the courage and presence of mind of Mr. Stephen W. Foster, who keeps a refreshment room on the wharf. Mr. F. hearing that a boy was overboard, rushed to the spot, plunged in, and succeeded in grasping the boy as he rose for the second time, and after much exertion got him safe ashore. The boy was insensible, but Mr. F. immediately took him into his shop, and by timely exertions succeeded in restoring him. [Journal, 8th.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE FOUNDING OF ST. LOUIS. The citizens of St. Louis celebrated the landing of Laclede and founding of St. Louis, on the 15th of February. The weather was favorable, and the pageant is said to have been the most imposing ever witnessed in that city. The President of the day was Pierre Chouteau, the only survivor of of those who landed with Laclede, in 1764. He is in his 94th year. In the procession was a large model of the steamboat Pike—the first steamer that ever reached the St. Louis landing.

The Orator of the day was Wilson Primm, Esq. At the conclusion of his address, the Committee of Arrangements invited guests and others, repaired to the Planters' House, where a sumptuous dinner awaited them. In response to a sentiment in honor of Laclede, Mr. Chouteau made a few remarks in the French language, in which he bore testimony to the purity, simplicity and honesty of the early French inhabitants of St. Louis. Quite a number of speeches were made in the course of the afternoon, in reply to sentiments of a local character principally, and at night a grand ball came off at the Planters' Hotel.

THE COLLISIONS ON THE WORCESTER RAILROAD. The following particulars of the collisions which occurred on the Boston and Worcester Railroad, on Wednesday evening, 3rd inst., we copy from the Journal:

The Albany 3 1-2 o'clock train, which had been delayed, came in collision with a gravel train, yesterday afternoon, about three miles this side of Worcester. The gravel train was backing up to Worcester slowly, and a short curve in the road prevented the engineer from seeing the Albany train, until too late to avoid the collision. The engineer on the gravel train reversed his engine, when within about two hundred yards of the Albany train, and called to the persons who were on the train, (some thirty in number,) to jump off, which they all did, and escaped without injury. The two trains came in contact, disabling the engine attached to the Albany train, but fortunately without injuring any person.

After the collision, the gravel train started off towards Boston, (the engine, as before stated, having been reversed,) and run seven miles, *with no person on the train!* It run past one station, and stopped near the thirty-fifth mile post. The 4 o'clock train from Boston, which was coming up at its usual speed (about 30 miles per hour,) got in contact with this train. Owing to the intervention of a curve, the engineer of the Boston train did not perceive the gravel train until he was within about one hundred feet. He immediately reversed his engine, and somewhat checked the speed of the train. Both of the engines were disabled by the collision, but here, again, there was, fortunately, no person injured.

On hearing of the accidents, the Superintendent at Worcester immediately dispatched a man to Westboro', with orders to detain all the trains there and send them up on the south track, which had been repairing for some time past, and was nearly ready for use. In the mean time, he gave orders for the removal of a large number of freight cars which were not in use, and had been left on the south track.

The steamboat train which left Boston at 5 o'clock passed Westboro', and was stopped at the thirty-fifth mile post, by the trains mentioned above. The cars of the 4 o'clock Boston train were attached to the Worcester train and the trains returned to Westboro', where they took the south track, according to orders, and continued on towards Worcester. It seems that the engineer on the steamboat train, who had received orders to run slow, quickened the speed of his train when near Worcester, in consequence of which the train came in contact with a train of freight cars which had not been removed from the track. This collision was the most serious of the three. Mr. Flint, a man who was employed on the road, was so badly injured that he died about midnight, Mr. Page of Methuen, one of the passengers, was somewhat injured, and Mr. R. K. Porter, a brakeman on the steamboat train, had his leg broken. The engine and two passenger cars were considerably injured.

Four engines were disabled, and two passenger, and two or three freight cars were much injured by the above collisions.

The Courrier Francais of the 24th of January, publishes a letter from a citizen of Warsaw, addressed to the editor of that journal. The writer feelingly describes the sad condition of his country, and the constant inroads that Russia is making on the rights and liberties of the Poles. He states that the design of incorporating Poland into a Russian Province, and thus extinguishing all that remains of Poland, her name, was seriously entertained, and would have been actually enforced before this, but for the apprehensions entertained by the Emperor in consequence of the excitement caused by the incorporation of Cracow. We have not room for the letter in full, but we cannot forbear translating the closing paragraph. "The greatest anxiety prevails here on the subject of the course that will be pursued in the French and English Parliament. In spite of all our past disappointments, our eyes are turned towards the West, and towards France. We are all persuaded, that if the two great constitutional Powers seriously entertain the will, they can make a new world of our country, and the whole European continent. In spite of our sufferings, the intolerable yoke that presses upon us, and all the efforts of the Autocrat, we will ever remain what we are! Konarski, when suffering in the dungeons of Wilna, under the blows of his executioner, one day, said: 'You strike, in me, twenty-four millions of people!' They could not elicit from him a single outcry. A nation which produces such heroes cannot descend forever into the tomb. No! the Russians are greatly deceived if they expect ever to be able to digest their prey."

An incident worthy of recording recently occurred in the hospital in Berlin, newly opened by the Sisters of Charity, of the order of St. Charles. The first invalid whom these pious sisters were called to take care of, was a Lutheran. When they found their patient in danger, they sent for a Protestant minister to afford him religious consolation. The minister repaired to the hospital and prepared the invalid for death. During all the while the good sisters remained on their knees by the bedside of the dying man, and addressed the most fervent prayers to Heaven in behalf of the departing spirit. The Protestant minister was moved even to tears by this evidence of their truly christian charity, and thanking them for their liberality promised to revisit their establishment often.

BREAD STUFFS AND FREIGHTS. Flour has risen in New York since August last, from $4,12 per bbl. to $7,25, and the freight of the same to Liverpool from 2s. sterling to 8s. sterling,—and the cost and freight of wheat has risen in about the same proportion.

COUNTERFEIT MONEY. There has been, o late, a great increase of counterfeit and altered bills in circulation. An association was formed, some years since by the Banks of New England, by which such bills were driven out of circulation. It cost them about $10,000. And the forfeitures of recog zances on arrests by this Association, brought about $6,000 into the State Treasury. The banks now decline assessing themselves for a similar purpose unless the State will refund some of the forfeit money received formerly through their direct agency. It is proposed that the Legislature put $3000 at the disposal of the Governor, to be expended in co-operation with the Bank Association, for detection of counterfeiters.

SUNDAY MAIL. The Sunday mail on the Eastern Railroad is to be discontinued. The expense of Sunday mails transportation is enormous and altogether disproportioned to that of other days.

NEW JERSEY SCHOOLS. The State is divided into 1634 districts. The money received for school purposes the last year was $67,746,81. The whole number of children is 91,430, of whom 50,117 attend the schools.

STATE ASYLUM FOR INEBRIATES. Application has been made to our Legislature for the incorporation of an Institution for the reformation of inebriates. The houses of correction do not well answer this purpose. It is to be hoped the application will be successful.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY. The Government of Uruguay, South America, have abolished slavery throughout that republic. The owners of slaves are to be reimbursed at the public expense.

Our Government has determined on abolishing slavery in the island of St. Bartholomew, the only colony it possesses in the West Indies. A sum of £2000 is to be devoted annually until the freedom of all the slaves shall be purchased.

CASK HEADING MACHINE. A correspondent writing from Brunswick, Me., informs us that a machine for cutting out and chamfering heading for casks, has been recently invented and put in successful operation in that place, and cuts out a 32 inch head in less than one minute. This machine was invented by Messrs. B. H. Meder and J. Fuller, who have taken measures for securing a patent. [Mechanic.

CHESHIRE RAILROAD. We learn that the Directors have arranged with Horace Gray, Esq., for the rails for the entire road, to be furnished as wanted for use; with Hinckley & Drury for locomotives; and with Davenport & Bridges for cars. The laying of the track on the Southern division will be commenced as soon as the spring opens, and will be urged on with despatch. [Keene Sentinel.

A PRODUCTIVE FARM. Mr. James Gowen, of Mount Airy, in answer to a correspondent of the Farmer's Cabinet, who objected to the policy of Mr. G. in expending a thousand dollars for manual labor, on his farm, which comprises but 100 acres, as stated in his letters heretofore published, gives the following statement of the produce of his farm for the last season. [American Farmer.

Referring your readers to the June number, 1845, or my report to the committee on farms, I shall for their further satisfaction, and to give the science of agriculture something like fair play, set down the results of last season's operations on this farm of 100 acres, assuming the yearly wages at one thousand dollars:

I raised not less than one hundred and twenty tons of hay—say at eighteen dollars per ton, is			$2,160 00
400 bushels wheat, at	$1 00		400 00
300 do rye,	80		240 00
100 do oats,	40		40 00
1,000 do corn,	60		600 00
500 do potatoes,	75		375 00
900 do carrots,	40		360 00
600 do ruta-baga,	25		150 00
600 do sug. parsnips,	40		240 00
1,500 do turnips,	12 1-2		187 50
15 hogs slaughtered, weighing 45 cwt., at $5 per cwt.,			225 00
Cattle, calves, and pigs, sold,			347 00
Actual net sales of milk and butter, over			1,400 00
			$6,724 50

independent of milk and butter, meat and vegetables, poultry and fruit for family consumption. While producing this, I maintained upon the farm upwards of fifty head of cattle, seven horses, and some thirty head of swine, and the only outlay incurred for feed during the year 1845 was about three hundred dollars for ship stuff or middlings, which was principally fed to horses with finely cut timothy hay, and part made into slop for the swine. The horses had no other feed—they get neither corn nor oats, and the hogs when fattening, had little else but imperfect ears of corn, a little slop, and occasionally small potatoes cooked for them.

BANVARD'S SPLENDID PAINTING, the panorama of the Mississippi, "the largest painting in the world." This extraordinary work of art is still on exhibition at Amory Hall, and is well worthy the patronage which is nightly bestowed upon it. The afternoon exhibitions, (Wednesdays and Saturdays) afford an excellent opportunity for the juvenile portion of the community to visit it,—which we would recommend to them as being both instructive as well as amusing.

It is a never failing source of amusement and is visited nightly by large audiences. No one should miss this opportunity of seeing it.

☞ NOTICE. The Professors in the Divinity School at Cambridge would gratefully acknowledge the reception of thirty dollars from a friend in Kingston, Mass., though the Rev. Mr. Pope, in aid of the funds of the School.

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars, contributed by the children of the Sunday School connected with the Broadway Unitarian Society, South Boston, over which Rev. M. G. Thomas is Pastor, to constitute Mr. William R. Alger, a student at the Divinity School, Cambridge, and their Superintendent, a Life Member of the Society.

☞ That this notice may not be regarded as a repetition of the last, it is necessary to state that Mr. Alger is not only Superintendent of the Broadway Sunday School, but also of the Brattle street, and was made by both simultaneously, and without any co-incident knowledge on their part, a Life Member of this Society.

Boston, March 1st, 1847.

☞ TEACHER'S SOCIAL UNION. There will be a meeting of the Union on Monday evening next, March 15th, at the Chapel of the Church of the Savior at 7 o'clock.

Question—How far is it the duty of Sabbath School Teachers to urge upon their pupils the importance of observing the Christian ordinance of the Communion? T. GAFFIELD, Sec'y.

☞ SUFFOLK STREET CHAPEL—TEMPERANCE. Rev. Samuel B. Cruft, at the request of the Young Men's T. A. Society, will deliver an address on the subject of Temperance, at Suffolk street Chapel, to-morrow, (Sunday evening)—services commencing at 7 o'clock.

Saturday, March 13th.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 3d inst., by Rev. Charles Spear, Mr. Ormon Easton of Boston, to Miss Priscilla Mitchell of Windsor, Me.

In Roxbury, by Rev. D. N. Putnam, John W. Hartwell of Cincinnati, to Miss Elizabeth T. Oliver of Brookline.

In Sterling, 4th inst., by Rev. T. P. Allen, Mr. Edward F. Winn to Miss Ellen P. Bailey.

In Newton, by Rev. Mr. Leavitt, Mr. Henry B. Williams of Boston, to Miss Lucretia, and at the same time, Mr. Charles A. Curtis, of Newton, to Miss Mary B. daughters of Hon. William Jackson.

DEATHS.

In this city, 8th inst., James B. Grover, 15.

In Sterling, 18th ult., Mr. Jonathan Whitney, 78.—2d inst., Mr. Cullin Willard, 48.

In Kingston, 6th inst., Rev. Zephaniah Willis, aged 90 yrs and 10 days. He graduated at Harvard College in 1778, was ordained in K. in 1790, and was legally and in fact Pastor of the First Parish (Unitarian) at the time of his death, 67 years afterward.

In Waltham, 2d ins., Elizabeth, only daughter of Marshall K. Wellington, 18 mos.

In Beverly, Mr. Gustavus, son of Mr. Oliver Trask, 21, a member of the Sophomore Class of Harvard University.

In West Haverhill, Mrs. Susannah, widow of the late Joshua Webster, 86.

In Boxford, Mrs. Sarah, widow of the late S. E. Peabody, 94.

In Keene, N. H., of consumption, Mary Perry, wife of S. P. Tuckerman of Boston, and daughter of the late General Perry of K.

In Ballston, N. Y., 23d ult., Isaac Lent, 102 yrs. 2 months and 9 days, a native of N. Y. city, and a revolutionary pensioner.

In Weymouth, 23d ult., Miss Mary Smith, 73, having resided with the family of the late William Alline, Esq., for the remarkable period of 51 years.

In Newport, R. I., 23d ult., Martha Redwood, relict of the late Hon. Christopher G. Champlin, in her 75th year.

CARD.

Ladies' and Gents' Colored, plain and Fancy Bordered Hdkfs.

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NO. 35 TREMONT ROW, a few doors north of the Tremont House, respectfully invite the Ladies and Gentlemen to examine their stock of LINEN CAMBRIC HDKFS. Just received, 300 dozen, embracing a great variety of new styles and extra sizes. 4t

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HAVE this day received a case of the old style of FRENCH TOWELS, the texture very stout, close wove, and of a wiry thread. 4t

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Rev. Wm. E. Channing.
" Noah Worcester.
" Lant Carpenter.
" Henry Ware, Jr.
" Charles Follen.
" Orville Dewey.

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MR. WEISS'S PEACE SERMON—UNITY AND PEACE. A sermon preached before the Church of the Unity; Worcester, Jan. 10, 1847—by John Weiss, Preacher of the first Congregational Church in Watertown; and published by request. Can be sent by mail to any part of the United States, Postage 2 1-2 cents a copy. Ten copies for one Dollars, single 12 1-2 cts. Address Elihu Burritt & Co. Publishers Worcester Mass., or Wm. D. TICKNOR & CO. Boston, Mass. is3w mh13

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DR. GANNETT'S Address on Judge Davis. A Sermon occasioned by the death of Hon John Davis LL. D., preached Jan. 24, 1847, by Ezra S. Gannett this day published by CROSBY & NICHOLS, No. 118 Washington st. mh13 i s 3t

THE subscriber will receive into his family several children (boys or girls) to be educated intellectually and morally. Terms and references given on application. FREDERIC HINCKLEY.

Leicester, Mass., Feb 20, 1847. tf

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THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY, No CXL, for March, 1847. Edited by Rev Drs Lamson and Gannett.

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Art 1. Moral Influence of War;
2. Man's Enmity to God;
3. Conclusion of Plato's Georgias;
4. Writings of George Sand;
5. Clough's Select Works;
6. Peabody's Sermons on Consolation;
7

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

THIS WORLD.

BY S. H. LLOYD.

This world is not so drear a place, I ween,
As many with embittered hearts complain,
And yet its darkling clouds I've often seen
And gazed upon its homes of want and pain.
I see a beauty in each folded leaf,
In every blade of grass and slender bough,
And yet how sweet the ministry of grief
To every aching heart and weary brow.
Were I to go and search this world of ours,
To pluck a rose more fragrant than the rest,
I would not linger 'mong its cloudless bowers,
I love that rose more tenderly—the best,
That lived and thrived and e'en more lovely grew,
By every passing cloud and morning dew.

Hubbardston, Mass.

[The Young Dragon, a very extravagant thing, but a great favorite with children, was written by Southey after the meridian of life. His Epilogue to it is one of the most beautiful of all his writings. We give it below entire.]

EPILOGUE TO THE YOUNG DRAGON.

I told my tale of the Holy Thumb
That split the Dragon asunder,
And my daughters made great eyes as they heard,
Which were full of delight and wonder.

With listening lips and looks intent,
There sat an eager boy,
Who shouted sometimes, and clapp'd his hands,
And could not sit still for joy.

But when I look'd at my Mistress's face,
It was all too grave the while;
And when I ceased, methought there was more
Of reproof than of praise in her smile.

That smile I read aright, for thus
Reprovingly said she,
"Such tales are meet for youthful ears,
But give little content to me.

"From thee far rather would I hear
Some sober, sadder lay,
Such as I oft have heard, well pleased
Before those locks were gray."

"Nay, Mistress mine," I made reply,
"The Autumn hath its flowers,
Nor ever is the sky more gay
Than in its evening hours.

"Our good old Cat, Earl Tomlemagne,
Upon a warm Spring day,
Even like a kitten at its sport,
Is sometimes seen to play.

"That sense which held me back in youth
From all intemperate gladness,
That same good instinct bids me shun
Unprofitable sadness.

"Nor marvel you if I prefer
Of playful themes to sing;
The October grove hath brighter tints
Than Summer or than Spring;

"For o'er the leaves, before they fall,
Such hues hath Nature thrown,
That the woods wear, in sunless days,
A sunshine of their own.

"Why should I seek to call forth tears?
The source from whence we weep
Too near the surface lies in youth;
In age it lies too deep.

"Enough of foresight sad, too much
Of retrospect, have I;
And well for me that I sometime
Can put those feelings by;—

"From public ills, and thoughts that else
Might weigh me down to earth,
That I can gain some intervals
For healthful, hopeful mirth;—

"That I can sport in tales which suit
Young auditors like these,
Yet, if I err not, may content
The few I seek to please.

"I know in what responsive minds
My lightest lay will wake
A sense of pleasure, for its own,
And for its author's sake.

"I know the eyes in which the light
Of memory will appear;
I know the lips, which, while they read,
Will wear a smile sincere;—

"The hearts to which my sportive song
The thought of days will bring,
When they and I, whose winter now
Comes on when in our Spring.

"And I their well-known voices too,
Though far away, can hear,
Distinctly, even as when in dreams
They reach the inward ear.

" 'There speaks the man we knew of yore,
Well pleased I hear them say;
'Such was he in his lighter moods,
Before our heads were gray.

" 'Buoyant he was in spirit, quick
Of fancy, blithe of heart,
A Care, and Time, and Change have left
Untouch'd his better part.'

"Thus say my morning friends who now
Are in the vale of years,
And I, save such as thus may rise,
Would draw no other tears."

MISCELLANEOUS.

LUCY HINCHLIFF,

THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

BY THOMAS CAMPION.

The lark went up to heaven, seeming to beat his breast against the ancient sky; yet tiny speck as he was—scarcely discernible to the keenest vision, his song was audible to Lucy Hinchcliff in her mother's little garden. Lucy was a daily governess, and was in the act of plucking a rose to adorn her bosom, before she set out to enter upon the day's routine. She cast her eyes around the modest garden—it was a very modest, very little garden—looked up at the lark once more, received the last note of its song into her soul, smiled at the grey-headed mother in the pinched widow's cap, who was standing at the window, waved her adieux, and closed the small gate after her.

There was not in all the suburb in which we lived, a better girl, a prettier girl, a more loving, more dutiful daughter than Lucy Hinchliff. She first attracted our attention when we went, with satchel on our back, willingly enough, to school. She was younger by two years than ourselves—a little, timid thing, as we remember her. She had a father at that time, but we could see that the old gentleman was poor; and once we were prompted to offer her some of our victuals which we bore in our bag (for we dined at school), fearing that she had not enough to eat at home. It was only a boy's thought, and now we are more happy that we did not commit ourselves by the insult, than if we had realised our early dreams, those bubbles bred in a child's active brain.

Her father died, and they became poorer. A rich relation took Lucy away to bestow upon her a superior education. It was all he could do for her, he said; though he kept his carriage, and his servants, and cast bread to dogs. She returned to her mother after three years, to aid their mutual support by teaching.

Who knows, besides themselves, the lives that daily governesses lead? who has tasted besides themselves, the bitterness of the bread they eat? The fine mistress may not frown too severely upon her cook or footman. They would resent it, and would seek another place. But the poor governess! That *she* will resign her engagement is not to be apprehended. And are there not dozens—scores, who would be glad to succeed her, if she gave herself airs?

There are tragedies in real life more sad to witness than any of the histrionic art, and the life of the daily governess, in meagre circumstances, is one whole tragedy.

Lucy Hinchcliff closed the garden gate, and passed from her mother's sight. It was a fine morning, and she was early. She had, therefore, no occasion to hurry, as she was sometimes obliged to do. She felt very glad that the morning was fine, for to tell a homely truth, her shoes—well nigh worn out—were far from being waterproof. She had sat all day with wet feet once before, from the same cause, and much need she had to be careful of her health for her mother's sake. She had few acquaintances on the road she traversed—though she was familiar as their own children's faces to all the small tradesmen—they saw her pass so regularly morning and evening. The greengrocer would frequently tell his wife that it was time to get the breakfast, for the young lady with the music-paper was abroad. The toll-gate keeper was Lucy's only speaking acquaintance of the male sex. He had always a kind word for her. Nor did Lucy fail to ask him after the child that was scalded—a frightful accident that—or whether his eldest girl was at service yet, and other little queries.

"There she goes," the man would say, when she had turned from him. "Her's is a hard life, poor thing!"

"Not hard at all, Mister Marten," retorted Dame Wringlinen on one occasion. "Hard, indeed. I think she's got a very easy berth o't.—Put her over a washing tub, and give her three or four counterpanes for a morning's work, and see what she'd make o't."

"Ah, you don't know all!" said the toll-keeper, significantly. And he was right.

The lady at whose house Lucy commenced the instructions of the day, was a very nervous lady indeed; and like your nervous people, she was extremely irascible. Lucy's knock offended her. She hated single knocks. Why had they a bell, if it was not to exempt the house from the vulgarity of single knocks? Once, in a fit of forgetfulness, the governess gave a palpitating double knock, and then Mrs. Robert Smith was astonished at her presumption.—"Miss—Miss—, I forget your name—" Mrs. Robert Smith often contrived to forget a name which was the property of a humble dependant, and was so much better than her own.

"Hinchliff, Ma'am," prompted Lucy on the occasion referred to.

"Ah, Hinchliff. Well, Miss Hinchliff, if, for the future, you would remember not to give a double knock, you would oblige me. I really thought it was visitors, and, as I am in my deshabille, it set me all in a flutter—you should consider my nerves, Miss Hinchliff."

Poor Lucy! If she could have afforded to be so much in fashion as to own to the possession of nerves, the lady's nervousness would have infected her.

"Now, Miss Hinchliff," said Mrs. Robert Smith, when the governess had taken off her bonnet and shawl on the morning we make her acquaintance; "*are* you up in those new quadrilles yet?"

"I am very sorry, Ma'am, but I have been so much engaged—I only took them home the day before yesterday, and so little of my time is my own."

"Well, Miss Hinchliff, of course, if you have too many engagements, and my dear children are to be neglected on that account, it will be Mr. Robert Smith's duty to seek another responsible person, whose engagements are not so numerous; you cannot object to that, I am sure."

"Oh, Ma'am," was Lucy's faltering reply; "I am too happy to be employed by you. I will be sure to get the quadrilles ready by to-morrow."

God pity her. She spoke the truth. She was too happy to be employed by Mrs. Robert Smith.

"I will excuse you this time, Miss Hinchliff," said the lady, conciliated by Lucy's answer, "but I shall certainly expect the quadrilles to-morrow. I think you said when we first engaged you, that you taught Italian? Priscilla is to learn it."

"I shall be most happy, Ma'am," replied Lucy, brightening up.

"Mr. Robert Smith says that he has read—he is a great reader, as you know—that there are some very pretty poems in Italian, though he called one by a very shocking name—a kind of playhouse thing."

"Which was that, Ma'am?" inquired Lucy, mentally reverting to Goldoni and Metastasio.

"You ought to tell *me*," replied the Lady.—"You know, of course—the pretty Italian poem with the playhouse name."

"Do you mean Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Ma'am?"

"Yes, that is it—a very pretty poem—is it not?"

"It is considered a very fine poem, Ma'am."

"Yes, pretty or fine—that's what Mr. Robert Smith called it; though I think, if 'tis a comedy, it shouldn't be called *Divine*."

Lucy assured the lady that the *Divina Commedia* was not a play in five acts with stage directions, but rather a religious poem.

"I understand your meaning," said her employer, "something like Milton, I suppose. I have heard Mr. Robert Smith remark—his remarks are so to the purpose—that Milton was a tragedy, quite. You will understand that you are to teach Priscilla Italian. And about the terms, Mr. Robert Smith says you are not to increase them, as he really can't afford it."

"Ma'am," said Lucy, astonished.

"If you object, of course, we must find another responsible person, who will include Italian for the amount of your present salary."

Lucy's mother was in failing health. Need we say that she was "too happy" to teach Italian without remuneration, under the circumstances. On the same morning Mrs. Robert Smith dismissed her cook, who blundered at a *pate de foie gras*, and hired another at greatly enlarged wages.

The widow Hinchliff was not only in failing health, but she was nearer death than Lucy had any idea of. When the poor girl returned home that evening—she went to six houses first, and walked a distance of seventeen miles—she found that her parent had been obliged to retire to bed. The servant, alarmed by her mistress's condition, had called in a neighbor, who only waited for Lucy's return to urge the propriety of sending for a doctor. Lucy not only assented, but ran herself to fetch one. "I can give you no hope," he said; and she felt that a blight had indeed passed over her young life. When one that we dearly love is stricken down to die, we look out upon the world as if we had no longer hope or part, or any lot, therein.

She had to practice the quadrilles that night, on her hired piano, in fulfilment of the promise made to Mrs. Robert Smith. Her mother had fallen into one of those dozing, restless slumbers, peculiar to a state of sickness, and the thought of waking the notes of gay quadrille music in the house, on whose threshold, even at that moment, Death, the destroyer stood, shocked Lucy's feelings. No, she could not do *that*, let Mrs. Robert Smith say what she pleased.

She sat through the longest night she had ever known—for the heart measures the hours—not the clock—a watcher by her mother's bed. When the glad sunlight came gushing in at the casement, and lark after lark poured forth his jubilant thanksgiving for his sleep in the dewy grass, she undressed herself, and went to her own chamber, leaving the servant to supply her place. There was no visible alteration in her parent when, with many fears and with one of the saddest hearts that ever beat in human bosom, she left the cottage upon her constant diurnal mission. She was late, and had to walk hurriedly. It rained too, and the water soaked through the leaky shoes.

She had no smile for the toll-gate keeper. He saw that she was sad, and contented himself with a touch of his hat, by way of recognition. He was sad too, for the scalded child had died during the night. "Best not to tell her now," he thought, "she has her own trouble this morning." God help her. She had indeed.

"You are full ten minutes behind your time, Miss Hinchliff. I never find you staying ten minutes over your time," was Mrs. Robert Smith's salutation.

"I am very sorry, Ma'am—but I left my mother at home very ill—dying, Ma'am, the doctor says," replied Lucy bursting into tears.

"Dying—dear me. Of course you feel very much put out; but punctuality, Mr. Robert Smith says, is the soul of an engagement—and you have a character to keep up—but as you are come, you can set Priscilla's mind at ease, she is dying to play the quadrilles, and to begin her Italian."

"I—I was unable to run them through last night, Ma'am," stammered Lucy, "my mother was so ill."

"Then you are *not* ready with those quadrilles again, Miss Hinchliff; exclaimed Mrs. Robert Smith; "really, at your age, a young woman should know the value of her promise."

"I could not disturb my mother," said Lucy, appealingly.

"Of course, I take all that into consideration," replied her employer. "But you, as a responsible person, should know the value of a promise. However, I will excuse you since your mother is dying—only don't let it happen again. You will commence Priscilla's Italian this morning, of course?"

"I have been so unfortunate as to forget my own grammar, but if Priscilla is provided with one——"

"Her father says that he cannot afford any Italian books—her French ones came so expensive. He thought you could have no objection to lend her yours."

What could Lucy say, but that her books were at Priscilla's service!

Her mother was worse that evening, and had been, as the neighbor said, delirious during her absence.

Lucy asked herself whether she should practice the quadrilles. She was not long in deciding. Though they should go without bread, she would not forget her duty as a daughter.—Her place was at her mother's bedside.

That day Mr. Robert Smith paid a visit to a friend whose governess not only taught Italian for the same salary that was paid to Lucy Hinchliff, but also professed to include Spanish.

When Lucy was admitted next morning, the lady placed a small sum of money in her hand, and informed her that "domestic arrangements" would render her attendance in future unnecessary.

The poor girl was not at all cast down by this circumstance. Was not her mother ill—dying, at home? She would not be obliged to leave her so early in the morning.

Her mother died three days afterwards. A letter sent by Lucy to the rich relation, brought a cool answer back, in which the writer recommended her to be industrious, and to "keep her character."

And now Lucy was alone in the world, in which are so many faces, and so many hearts beating with warm life. Even the toll-gate keeper had disappeared. His place was supplied by a stranger, a man of coarse, repulsive aspect. Lucy felt the loss, even of that acquaintance.

* * * * * *

One night—it was a cold, rainy November night—Lucy Hinchliff sat in her little room by her fire, much pondering over many things, but chiefest what it was fitting for a young girl like her to do, who being so unprotected, was exposed to so many insults.

She gazed at her mother's portrait which hung over the mantle-shelf, and seemed to ask advice of the dead. But the dead replied not. Only the bleak wind whistled. Only the rain beat against the window panes.

There was a stir below, as of feet coming up stairs. Lucy heard it without heed. The feet came higher and higher, however, and halted at her door; upon the panels of which a rap sounded, as from determined, sturdy knuckles. The governess started, and cried, "Come in," and a man came in.

It was her old acquaintance, the toll-keeper.

But not dressed as he was formerly. No.—He wore a bran new suit of superfine Saxony cloth, and a gold watch-guard communicated with his vest pocket. As far as equipment went, he was in all respects the gentleman.—And in the heart besides—in the heart besides.

"I beg your pardon, Miss, for intruding upon you," he said, bashfully. I am come to speak to you about educating my children."

Lucy bowed. She thought she had misunderstood him.

"I am come into a large fortune lately, Miss,—a very large fortune—a matter of a thousand a year. I knew no more of it, three months ago, bless you, than the man in the moon; and I think, and my wife thinks, that our girls ought to be educated."

"Certainly," said Lucy, vacantly. She thought she was dreaming.

And so we agreed that if you would come and live with us—we lives in a fine house now—and be one of ourselves, and teach the children, we thought that we should take it very kind of you."

"Yes," assented Lucy, mechanically, for she was not a whit the nearer waking.

"And if you would think two hundred pounds a year, and a room of your own, enough, it is your's to-morrow; and that's all about it."

The speaker, in the excitement of having accomplished his errand, clapped his hat on his head, and breathed freely. But he recollected himself, and took his hat off again.

"You wish me to be governess to your children. Do I understand you aright?" said Lucy, only half conscious that the scene was real.

"Yes, Miss, if you please; and if two hundred a year would satisfy you, why—why its done, and that's just where it is."

"I thank God," cried Lucy, bursting into tears. She was wide awake, and understood all now.

It was all true—that was the best of it. The man had really inherited a large fortune, left him by some relative, hitherto unheard of. And was not his early thought about the poor governess, who gave him a good word every morning, and inquired after Billy, who was scalded?

Yes; for he had heard of her mother's death, and the proud consciousness of being able to confer a benefit on an orphan girl, elated his heart as much as the possession of a thousand pounds per annum. Lucy, of course, would not consent to receive the salary he had named.—How it was finally settled, this chronicler knows not; but Lucy dwells with the *quondam* toll-keeper, and looks happy—very happy.

A small white stone has been erected at her mother's grave. You may see it, if you will walk for the purpose, to Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke-Newington.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

Marshall was noted for extreme plainness of person and address, and a childlike simplicity of character. His carelessness of his personal attire, in early life particularly, is well known, and on one occasion, (as stated in the Literary Messenger,) while travelling, occasioned his being refused admittance into a public house. On the occasion which we are now to relate, it caused him the loss of a generous fee. Marshall, when just rising on the professional ladder, was one morning strolling through the streets of Richmond, attired in a plain linen roundabout and shorts, with his hat under his arm, from which he was eating cherries, when he stopped in the porch of the Eagle Hotel, indulged in some little pleasantry with the landlord, and passed on. Mr. P., an elderly gentleman from the country, then present, who had a case coming on before the court of appeals, was referred by the landlord to Marshall, as the best advocate for him to employ; but the careless, languid air of the young lawyer had so prejudiced Mr. P., that he refused to engage him. On entering court, Mr. P. was a second time referred to him, by the clerk of the court, and a second time he declined. At this moment entered Mr. V., a venerable looking legal gentleman, in a powdered wig and black coat, whose dignified appearance produced such an impression upon Mr. P. that he at once engaged him. In the first case which came on, Marshall and Mr. V. both addressed the court. The vast inferiority of his advocate was so apparent, that at the close of the case, Mr. P. introduced himself to young Marshall, frankly stated the prejudice which had caused him, in opposition to advice, to employ Mr. V.; that he extremely regretted his error, but knew not how to remedy it. He had come into the city with one hundred dollars, as his lawyer's fee, which he had paid, and had but five left, which, if Marshall chose, he would cheerfully give him for assisting in the case. Marshall, pleased with the incident, accepted the offer; not, however, without passing a sly joke at the omnipotence of a powdered wig and black coat. Marshall was accustomed to go to market, and frequently unattended. Nothing was more unusual than to see him returning at sunrise, with poultry in one hand, and vegetables in the other.

On one of these occasions, a would-be fashionable young man, from the North, who had recently removed to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could hire no one to take home his turkey. Marshall stepped up, and ascertaining of him where he lived, replied, "That is my way, and I will take it for you." When arrived at his dwelling, the young man inquired, "What shall I pay you?" "O, nothing," was the rejoinder, "you are welcome, it was on my way, and no trouble." "Who is that polite old gentleman who brought home my turkey for me?" inquired the other of a bystander, as Marshall stepped away. "That," replied he, "is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States." The young man, astounded, exclaimed,—"Why did he bring home my turkey?" "To give you a severe reprimand, and teach you to attend to your own business," was the answer.

THE FATHER OF COLERIDGE, THE POET. Coleridge used to relate many instances of his father's absence of mind, one or two of which we may quote. On one occasion, having to breakfast with his bishop, he went, as was the practice of that day, into a barber's shop to have his head shaved, wigs being then in common use. Just as the operation was completed, the clock struck nine, the hour at which the bishop punctually breakfasted. Roused as from a reverie, he instantly left the barber's shop, and in his haste forgetting his wig, appeared at the breakfast table, where the bishop, and his party had assembled. The bishop, well acquainted with his absent manners, courteously and playfully requested him to walk into an adjoining room, and give his opinion of a mirror which had arrived from London a few days previously, and which disclosed to his astonished guest the consequence of his haste and forgetfulness. The old gentleman, Coleridge also related, had to take a journey on some professional business, which would detain him from home for three or four days; his good wife, in her care and watchfulness, had packed a few things in a small trunk, and gave them in charge to her husband, with strong injunctions that he was to put on a clean shirt every day. On his return home, his wife went to search for his linen, when to her dismay, it was not in the trunk. A closer search, however, discovered that the vicar had strictly obeyed her injunctions, and had daily a clean shirt, but had forgotten to remove the one underneath. This might have been the pleasantest and most portable mode of carrying, half a dozen shirts in winter but not so in the dog-days.

A WORD TO BOYS. Truth is one of the rarest of gems. Many a youth has been lost to society, by suffering it to tarnish and foolishly throwing it away. If this gem still shines in your bosom, suffer nothing to displace it, or dim its lustre.

Profanity is a mark of low breeding. Show us the man who commands the best respect. An oath never trembles on his tongue. Read the catalogues of crime. Inquire the character of those who depart from virtue. Without a single exception you will find them to be profane. Think of this and let not a vile word disgrace you.

In our opinion, the theatre is no place for the young. The effect of the stage is demoralizing. What virtuous parent does not tremble, when he hears that his son steals away from the family circle to enter the theatre? He fears the result.

Honesty, frankness, generosity, virtue—blessed traits! Be these yours, my boys, and we shall not fear. You will claim the respect and the love of all. You are watched by your elders. Men who are looking for clerks or apprentices, have their eyes on you. If you are profane, vulgar, theatre going, they will not choose you. If you are upright, steady and industrious, before long you will find good places, kind masters and have the prospect of a useful life before you. [Portland Tribune.

THE MOON. The following is the appearance of the moon, as seen in the great telescope of Lord Rosse, and described by the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, at Bradford: "It appeared like a globe of molton silver, and every object of the extent of a hundred yards was quite visible. Edifices, therefore, of the size of York Minster, or even of the ruins of Whitby Abbey, might be easily perceived if they had existed. But there was no appearance of anything of that nature: neither was there any indication of the existence of water or of an atmosphere. There was a vast number of extinct volcanoes, miles in breadth; through one of them there was a line in continuance of one, about one hundred and fifty miles in length, which ran in a straight direction like a railway. The general appearance, however, was like one vast ruin of nature; and many of the pieces of rock, driven out of the volcanoes, appeared to be laid out at various distances." The doctor says he expects it will soon be possible to daguerreotype the image of the moon upon the speculum—which cannot be done at present, as the moon is not stationary but the Earl contemplates a piece of mechanism to move the telescope to a certain distance, with the motion of the moon.

Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged.

G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass., have in progress, a new stereotype edition of "Webster's American Dictionary," to appear as early as practicable the coming season.

[From Burritt's Christian Citizen.]

"We would advise all who are about to purchase a complete vocabulary of our 'mother-tongue, to wait and examine, before they purchase, this cheap, and beautiful and convenient edition of Dr Webster, the merit and superiority of which, over all others, they will perceive at the first glance."

[From the Concord (N. H.) Statesman.]

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Merriam of Springfield, Mass., a 'Specimen of a new stereotype edition now in progress, of Dr Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language." It is elegantly executed, and the whole work, which is to be like it, will, when finished, be one of the most beautiful books ever issued from the American press. The paper is fine, white and firm, and the type new. There are three columns on a page, surrounded by a double marginal line, which gives the page a particularly neat and finished appearance. The whole is to be comprised in one volume, crown quarto. Among the advantages of this over former editions, are the addition of several thousand words,—a thorough revision of the whole work by Prof. Goodrich of Yale College,—the insertion of the key to the pronunciation at the bottom of every page, (very convenient,)—tables of Greek and Latin proper names, Scripture do, and Geographical do, (the last is a great desideratum,) and a Memoir of Dr Webster.—The first edition of the Dictionary, in 2 vols. quarto, cost $20; the second, in 2 vols 8vo, cost $13,50. This, which is the original work *unabridged*, with the above-named improvements, is to cost only $6. Undoubtedly it will be by far the cheapest Dictionary of the English language ever published. Of its merits we need, of course, say nothing. It is now very generally received as the standard of our mother tongue. The publishers state it is now in progress, and will be published during the coming season.

☞Specimens may be seen at the principal bookstores. tF2 n28

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j9 L. D. JOHNSON.

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CHARLES W. GOODNOW.
Concord, Mass., Jan. 15, 1845. ostf j24

NEW AND VALUABLE ENGLISH PERIODICAL. *CROSBY & NICHOLS* have just received the first five numbers of The Peoples' Journal, containing amusement, general literature and instruction, with an earnest and business like inquiry into the best means of satisfying the claims of Industry. The names of William Howitt, (one of the proprietors,) Mary Howitt, Harriet Martineau, Miss Mitford, Ebenezer Elliot, Mrs Loudon, Frederica Bremer, Barry Cornwall and others, who will be permanent conributors, indicate the literary character of the work. It will also be embellished with elegant engravings from the first English artists. The extremely low price of the work will put within reach of all classes. It will come to subscribers at $2,50 per annum. Single numbers, 25 cents. Published in monthly parts of 70 pages.

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